DID EDISON TRY TO TALK WITH THE DEAD?

DEC. 1,
1934

Liberty

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James Hopper—Gov. Joseph B. Ely—George S. Brooks—Albert Payson Terhune

This comes pretty near
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Robert Bagby

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The Natives of Spitzbergen PERSPIRE *on* ICE . . . *yet Seldom Catch Cold*

UP from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at $450,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to produce the sufferer's cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or medicinal forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The "secondary invaders" such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Nonpoisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that *it will not harm the most delicate tissue.* At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine's power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught *fewer* colds and *less severe* colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Tested and Approved
4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Good Housekeeping Magazine

For Colds and Sore Throat . . LISTERINE . . The Safe Antiseptic

DECEMBER 1, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 48

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

JOB INSURANCE WILL SAVE THE NATION FROM RUIN

ROBERT A. CAMERON

UNEMPLOYMENT insurance is now assuming unusual importance, and for those who now have jobs it is doubtless valuable. But job insurance would be far better.

And what about the millions who are now on the charity rolls? What is to be done with them?

Unemployment insurance cannot be helpful to them, and job insurance would help these poor victims of this industrial tragedy. They would all have something to do. They would all earn the money that they receive. They could then be stimulated by a feeling of self-respect.

A mendicant slouches through life. That is his natural attitude. He is ashamed of himself.

We hear so much about foolish extravagance even at this time. And when we realize that the labor of every individual receiving the dole is now being thrown away—lost—we will have to admit that this is one of the worst forms of waste.

To be sure, it is the easiest procedure to relieve hungry people, and it is doubtless capable of producing more of what we call the " rake-off "; and that may be one reason why it would be exceedingly difficult to change the system. But every recipient of the dole is paying a terrible price for the relief he secures in this emergency.

And when the dole continues for any length of time its recipient naturally acquires the idea that it is justly due him—that the nation or the public owes him a living, and if a job cannot be found he should be paid as an idler.

Many people acquire the idea that unemployment insurance will relieve the millions who are now out of work; but unless it assumes a form entirely different from what has been adopted in England and other foreign countries, it will simply help those who are now working and who later might lose their jobs. This will represent but a small percentage of our population, for those who have jobs at the present time are holding on to them with grim tenacity. They have learned from the experiences of others what it means to be jobless.

Unemployment insurance may eliminate the inclination to worry on the part of those who consider the possibility of losing their jobs, and such a measure would be far better than nothing. But if any one who finds himself out of work could be guaranteed employment, even if it were nothing more than a dole for wages, the same security would be attained and he would not be paid for idling.

Such a form of insurance would put every one of our victims of the dole system on the pay roll. There would be no increase in expense. We have to feed the hungry, and nine out of ten would prefer some form of labor for what they receive than to be victims of charity.

And here again we would call attention to the millions of acres of idle fertile land on which these victims of unemployment could easily earn their own food—dig it out of the ground. Idleness is a demoralizing influence. It destroys ambition, enthusiasm, and self-respect. And the proposed unemployment insurance would only to a slight degree remedy the appalling situation that we are facing at this time.

Work of some kind must be found for the unemployed who are now receiving a dole; and the influence that will probably defeat this tragical need is the dishonest profit that is now being pocketed, directly or indirectly, from the relief funds. There was never a time in all our political history which yielded such rich opportunity for graft. Handing money out to whomever they consider deserving, and the ease with which dishonest profits can be secured, is a temptation that is difficult for some people to resist.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Did EDISON Try to Talk With the Dead?

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SOME years before his death Thomas Alva Edison began to give thought to the possibility that a machine might be invented with which the dead could speak to us.

This is astonishing news, for America's greatest inventor, so far as the world knew, was all his life a confirmed agnostic. The mind that created the phonograph and the incandescent bulb refused to accept the belief in personal immortality or a personal God. Other great experimenters in the realm of science, like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes, embraced spiritualism. Edison never publicly avowed the slightest interest or the slightest faith in another world. Nevertheless, something must have happened to him to change his mind before he himself sailed down the River of the Dead.

I did not know Edison until 1909. He made it plain that while he disputed nothing that came under the head of religion, he remained unconvinced of the truth of any of it.

"The statement that the universe was made by a Creator does not help," he said, "because such a supposition immediately makes it necessary to explain what or who made the Creator."

The first time Edison talked to me in this strain, his secretary, Mr. Meadowcroft, whispered to me that the inventor's wife objected to seeing his views in print. Evidently other writers were similarly admonished. For twenty years he continued in his talks with me to set forth his beliefs on the origin and destiny of man. Nobody printed any of this matter for ten years. Then some writer, who apparently had not been asked to apply the soft pedal, wrote what Edison said to him. Then the cat was out of the bag. But no one even hinted that toward the end a change had come in Edison's convictions.

Edison's ideas on life, death, and religion were very definite. He believed that there was intelligence back of the universe but not personality. He did not believe that this intelligence had any interest in man.

Edison had a peculiar theory with regard to what he called the "life force" in back of every living thing. This theory is important, because it carried with it a train of conclusions that was completely overthrown if, toward the end, something came into his life that made him accept the possibility of the survival of personality after death.

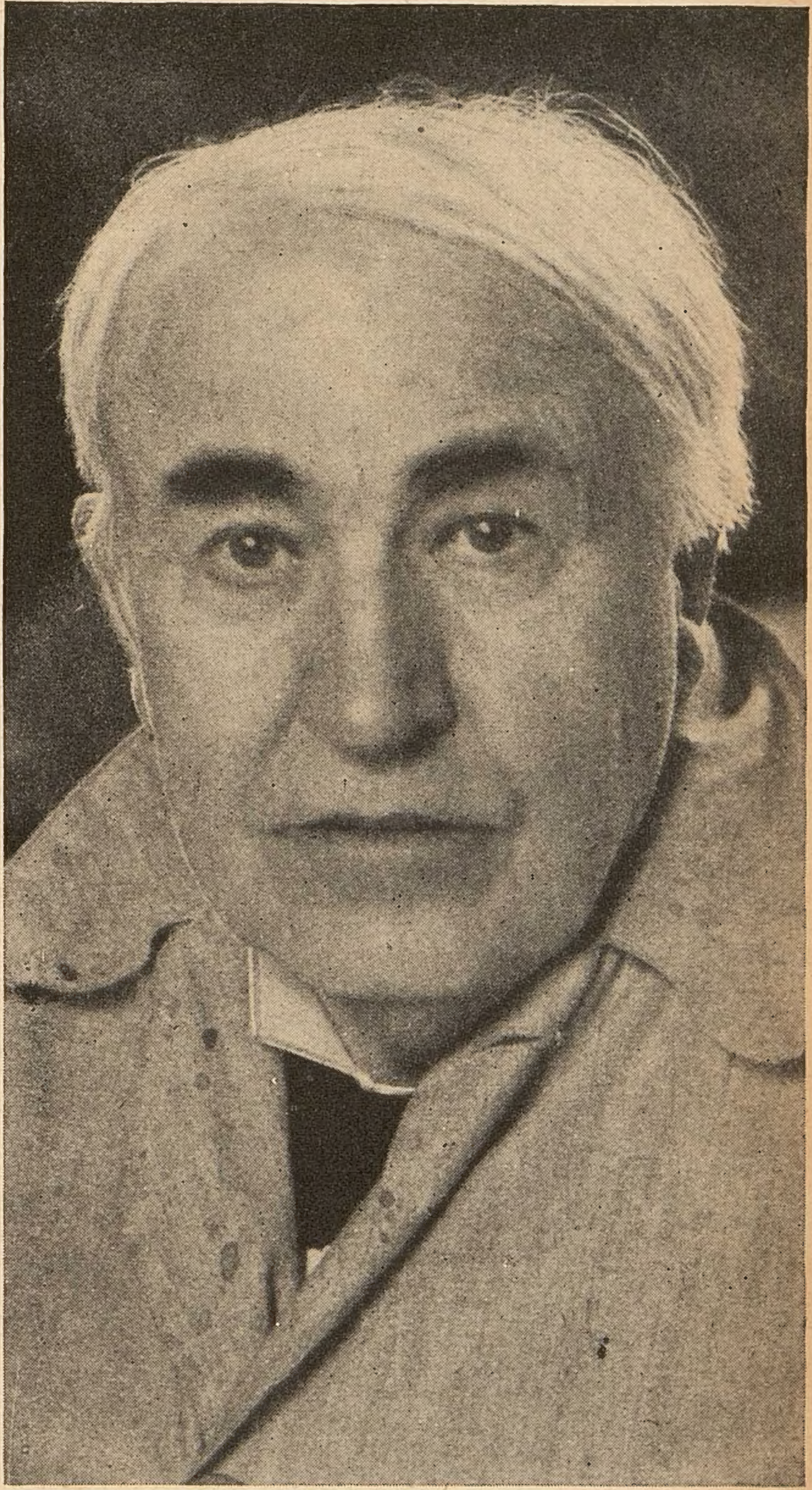
"The life force itself," Edison said to me, "is immortal. It expresses itself in an endless succession of changing forms. This manifestation of energy came to the earth from some other part of the universe. It has the power to travel any distance instantaneously. But its quantity is limited. In other words, not more than a certain number of things can live on the earth at a time.

"Every form of life produces enough seeds or eggs to swamp the planet if each were to sprout or hatch and become a living thing. A single codfish could produce enough eggs to cover the earth several feet deep with his progeny if all the eggs were to hatch."

"Why, then, did it not happen?" I asked.

"Because," the great inventor thoughtfully replied, "there is not enough life force on the planet to convert all the eggs and seeds into living organisms."

Edison did not believe that every egg or seed contained a germ of life. "Seeds and eggs," he declared, "are the 'blue prints' which determine the form which



A Machine to Penetrate the Unknown! Here Is the Most Surprising Revelation Ever Made Concerning the Great Inventor

by ALLAN L. BENSON

the life force, when it flows, will make. Life force poured into a seed becomes a plant. Life force poured into an egg assumes the shape of an animal." He therefore believed in the underlying kinship of every living thing—the flower and the bird, the man and the tree, the nightingale and the tiger. "But," Edison emphatically declared, "the life force is at the bottom of each, irrespective of the design supplied by the blue print."

"What," I asked, "is your definition of life?"

"First of all," he replied, "energy. That is what I mean by life force. But there is another ingredient—intelligence. Every cell in every plant and animal possesses intelligence."

"Where does this intelligence come from?"

"It is drawn from some common source—a reservoir, to which it returns after each individual life ends, to be used again and again forever. Intelligence, like energy, is indestructible and immortal.

ALLAN L. BENSON *is well known as author of Daniel Webster, The New Henry Ford, The Story of Geology, and books on war prevention and on socialism. He was Socialist candidate for President in 1916; resigned in 1918 from the Socialist Party.*

"Each cell is intelligent, but some are more intelligent than others and develop the ability to do some things that the others cannot do. Some of the cells of a tree, for instance, know how to pump water from the earth into its branches, while others conduct the intricate chemical processes involved in the metabolism of the leaf. My stomach," he added, "knows how to make hydrochloric acid. I don't."

Edison believed that each cell in the human body was made up of over a hundred million particles of intelligence, just as an atom is supposed to consist of electrons. He playfully called these particles "little peoples." Each of these mites, Edison believed, was an individual entity, having the power to form preferences and to act for itself.

"The widest differences," he reiterated, "exist among these ultra-microscopic men, some stupid, some bright, some good, some bad. Some have a social conscience and attempt to promote the general welfare, while a minority is antisocial. They are more or less a mirror of the world at large. The great majority are mixtures—leaning, perhaps, a little toward the good side."

This explains, perhaps, why human beings are what they are, and human nature is what it is. In Edison's opinion, like tends to attract like among the "little peoples" just as it does among us. If the ancestors of a given individual have long been more than ordinarily intelligent or well disposed, little peoples are attracted who have the same qualities. But the inferior or bad peoples also attract their kind. The individual is, therefore, the sum of all his ancestors, and a human skull is like a huge convention hall in which millions of people are assembled. Whoever is strong and agile enough to get hold of this crowd, organize it and discipline it, is the one who determines what kind of an assemblage it shall be. If there are plenty of good people present, and they are sitting up in front—in other words, if they represent the characteristics of recent generations—they may be expected to take charge.

"OCCASIONALLY," Edison continued, "a riot is raised by somebody sitting far to the rear, the descendant of a bad relative, who has been kept in order by the decent ones since his ancestor was on earth, hundreds of years ago. When a bad man thus breaks out in a good family, neighbors wonder how it happened, and speak of a 'black sheep.' But nobody exists without such ancestors, and of these dangerous persons each of us has so many.

"So long as most of the little peoples in a human body are of one kind they are comfortable and wish to continue the association. When the little peoples feel this way, the man concerned is never tired of life. But when there is violent dissension inside and a strong group feels that further struggle is hopeless—then the man's spirits sink until he may kill himself.

"The death of my father," Edison added, "in his ninety-third year was plainly due to the fact that the 'little peoples' of whom he was composed became convinced that nothing desirable was to be gained by further association. Suddenly the old gentleman said he was going over to his daughter's and die, which he proceeded to do within three days, though he had not been ill."

Edison, I repeat, believed that the energy and intelligence that we call life are immortal but disbelieved in personal immortality. The individual, after closing his eyes here, would never know whether another life or another world awaited him. Edison, when I first met him, and maybe even until the end, had not the slightest belief that such a thing as a soul existed. He had no sort of belief in any existence beyond this life. Though not an atheist, he was a thoroughgoing agnostic. Whoever wrote a book setting forth such views was likely to receive a commendatory letter from the Edison laboratories, signed by the old wizard himself.

To the end of his days he honored the memory of Thomas Paine not because he was a patriot but because he rejected religion. What, then, made him busy his mind—a mind unclouded to the end—with thoughts of a contrivance by means of which the dead might talk to us? It may be that he still remained an agnostic but that, like a true scientist, he considered it his duty to investigate every reasonable hypothesis.

THERE is no doubt that fifteen years before he died and five years after I met him, Edison's mind turned toward the hereafter. This did not imply a sudden interest in spiritualism or spiritual matters.

"Benson," he told me about this time, "the older I grow the less I care whether there is a hereafter or not."

If this was the truth, and I have no doubt that Edison thought it was, his attempt to break down the wall between the living and the dead must have been due purely to a scientific interest. His business as an inventor had been first to find facts and then to use them. What were the facts about man? Had he an immortal soul? When earth life ceased, did it go out like a candle that is snuffed, or did it continue somewhere else? If it continued, could the dead speak to the living?

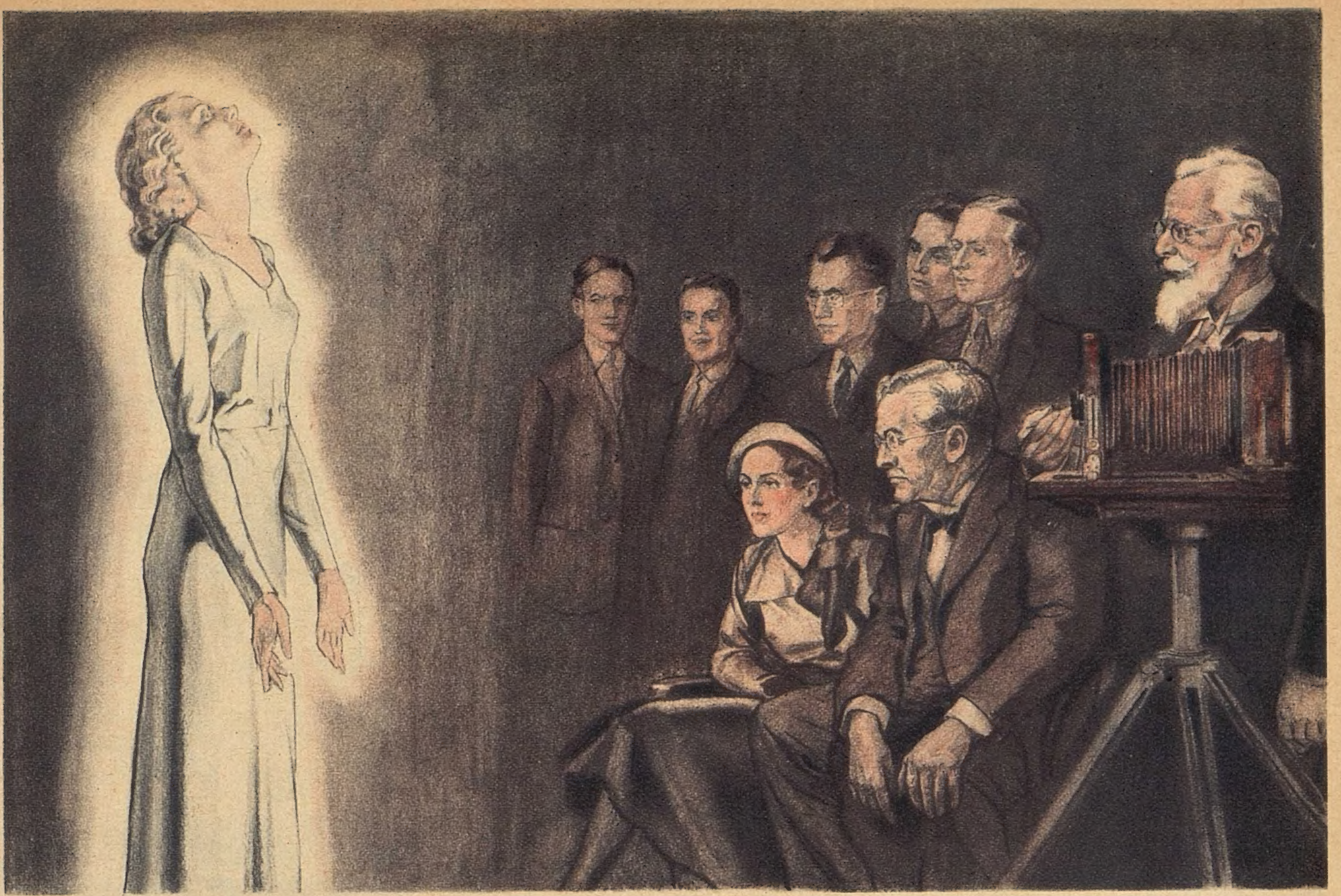
Edison wondered whether it might not be possible to make a machine that would enable the hereafter to prove itself without the aid of mediums or other living human agencies. If spirits could communicate directly with the earth, doubting would soon have to stop.

Edison was a scientist and, as such, had a profound respect for facts. He might be wrong about the soul, a hereafter, and the possibility of conducting conversation between the two worlds. If so, he wanted to shift his course to fit the facts.

It may be that as the shadows grew longer, Edison, or some of the "little peoples" within him, began to hope that there was such a thing as survival after death. It may be that he was influenced by his friendship with Sir William Crookes. That great physicist believed in spiritualism as firmly as he believed in the existence of his own hands and feet. His familiarity with chemistry and physics had not destroyed his faith in the reality of a future life and the ability of the spirits of the dead to communicate with the living. Crookes had braved the skepticism of his colleagues by setting forth in print again and again, over his own signature, his extraordinary experiences.

Edison had a profound respect for Crookes. His friend's intelligence and honesty made it impossible to treat lightly anything that he said. He was indebted to Crookes scientifically. The filament of the incandescent electric light could function only in a bulb from which most of the air had been exhausted. Crookes's work on creating vacuums had helped Edison. Sir William's account of what he saw with his own eyes was enough to give pause to any one.

Perhaps the most astounding story he told was that concerning the visits of the spirit of a dead woman to his home. She never came except when brought by a medium. The medium would lie down on a couch in a dark adjoining room, and in a little while the spirit would appear before Sir William and his friends. She appeared in what seemed to be flesh and bones, clad as any woman



The woman appeared in what seemed to be flesh and bones, clad as any woman might be. By her permission, Sir William took forty-three pictures of her.

might be for an afternoon call. But she did not walk in. She came in instantaneously—how, nobody knew.

Suddenly she appeared before the company, standing where a moment before there had been no one. And she could talk as well as any other woman; could create sound waves that traveled to the ears of other persons. Some suggested that she herself was the medium and that the woman who had lain down on the couch was no longer there. But a visit to the adjoining room showed that the other woman—the medium—was there, lying in what appeared to be a profound stupor. Some were still unconvinced. The woman on the couch might be a dummy. A dummy would not have a pulse, so the medium's wrist was felt. Not only was there a pulse, but it was registering the fast tempo of ninety-five a minute. Then the pulse of the spirit was felt. Sure enough, she had one. It was beating seventy a minute.

These meetings in the library of Sir William continued all winter. They were held behind locked doors. There were present only his personal friends. By permission of the spirit woman, Sir William took forty-three pictures of her. Toward spring she said she could not come again, bade him an affectionate farewell, and—was gone. The next second she was just not there, though she had not made an audible sound or a perceptible movement.

Such was the substance of what Crookes wrote and Edison read. The American could not doubt the veracity of Crookes, or his intelligence. It was unlikely that anybody could dupe him. If he was hypnotized, so were all the guests.

But was the camera hypnotized too? What about the forty-three negatives of the spirit woman?

Edison was in the tough position of one who cannot doubt a statement that has been made to him by a friend—yet cannot believe. If there were only a machine by means of which spirits (if there were any and they were so inclined) could speak directly to earth beings! The camera, in this instance, still left upon those who might see the pictures the burden of believing that they were pictures of a spirit. The camera did not, in behalf of the spirit, speak out and say what she had to say. A machine was needed—

Unconvinced, Edison still had an open mind. It would do no harm to try. If nothing happened, it would be just what he expected. On the other hand, if the idea worked, there would be no more doubt about the hereafter.

The acceptance of the smallest part of Sir William Crookes's story would have been like the explosion of a charge of dynamite under the foundations of Edison's beliefs.

Yet five years before his death his attitude toward all of these questions underwent a decided change. The last utterance attributed to him was that there was "a fifty-fifty chance that there might be a hereafter with immortality for the individual."

Whether Edison, toward the end, swerved toward Crookes's views is not known to this writer. Whether Edison ever had any experiences of his own that might have had the same effect is also unknown. We cannot tell whether the master of electricity received some signal from the other world or talked to the dead before he himself entered the Great Beyond. We know only that his old views crumbled.

Edison always said that the easiest way was usually the wrong way. In seeking to invent a machine for spirits to use he would certainly choose the most difficult way. The details of Edison's ideas about a machine are not known to man. I do not know to what extent his conception resembled a phonograph or radio. It may be that he hoped that intelligent spirits, if they existed, would prefer to manifest themselves through mechanical means rather than through human beings. For the machine cannot lie.

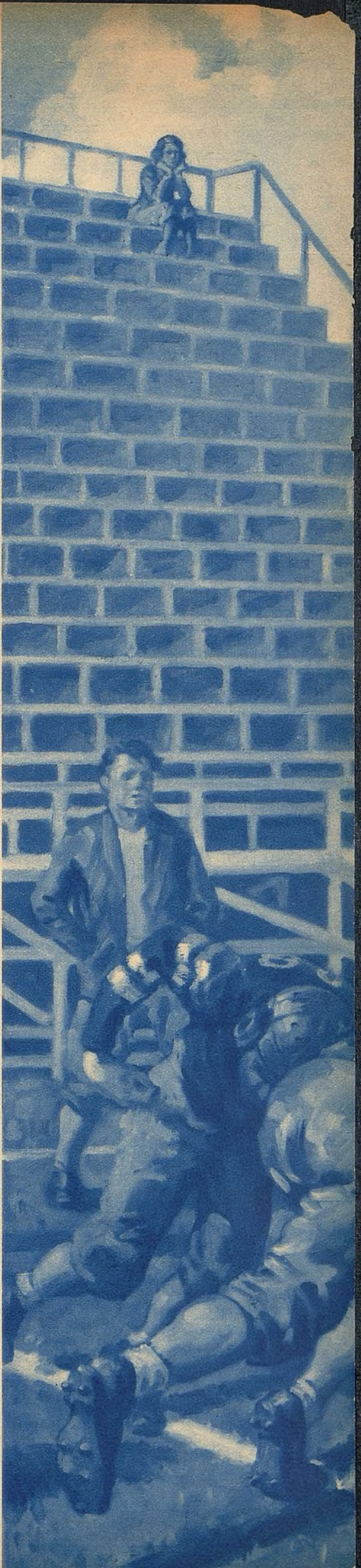
At all events, Edison is gone, and with him the reason why he seemed upon the point of modifying views that required a lifetime to formulate, and the secret of his thoughts about a machine to enable the dead to talk to us.

THE END

Secret

A Stirring Story of Two Hearts in Football Time . . . of a Trial by Fire and What It Brought to a Girl Who Worshiped from Afar

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



THE head coach of the football team was speaking to the assembled freshman class. He no longer believed, he said, in secret practice; from now on the gates of the field would be open so that the college could see its team. He hoped that the bleachers would be well filled, especially by these newcomers he was now welcoming, on whose loyalty Far Western's success was so largely, in the future, to depend.

Therefore did little Freshie Kate Flanders the next day, after classes, dutifully and shyly make her way to the football field. She chose a place at the empty end of the bleachers. After a while her small pansy-shaped face settled on the palm of her hand, her big eyes opened wide, and she became entranced.

They were big, those men out there on the field, and elastic and bounding. Their shoulders were tremendous in the tight striped-sleeved jerseys, and their faces beneath the leather helmets impersonal and severe.

There would be a sudden accelerated drumming of furious feet on the turf, a swirl of great bodies, heavy thuds of flesh against flesh, and One would shoot out of all this like a cannon ball. Even when downed a little farther on, he would be spinning like a bomb with spitting fuse. Little Freshie Kate Flanders's big dark eyes opened still wider and her breath quickened.

She began to see clearly that there was a certain One who most often shot out of things. He was the one who now and then circled the whole struggle like a deer, in a change of maneuver that delighted her. Also he owned a lithe hip movement which left a line of would-be grapplers stretched out behind him and which placed delicious amusement in her heart.

Little Kate Flanders continued to go every afternoon to a lone seat on the bleachers, her chin dropped to her palm, her big eyes opened wide. And He was tall as a god; in his helmet, formidable and far.

Now and then he left the battle, and standing by the head coach—who immediately became a puny little fellow—observed it narrowly. He slipped into a posture that somehow pleased her extravagantly. He stood with feet a bit apart; he leaned forward a little, his thumbs passed through his belt. He would say something short to the coach, or the coach would say something short to him.

Or the practice halted and the team gathered around Him. They formed a circle, arms about each other's shoulders, their bent heads close, and He, in the center, feet apart, thumbs through belt, spoke to them. Low—not a word came to her; but when the practice started again it was as if each man had been given a draft of clear water.

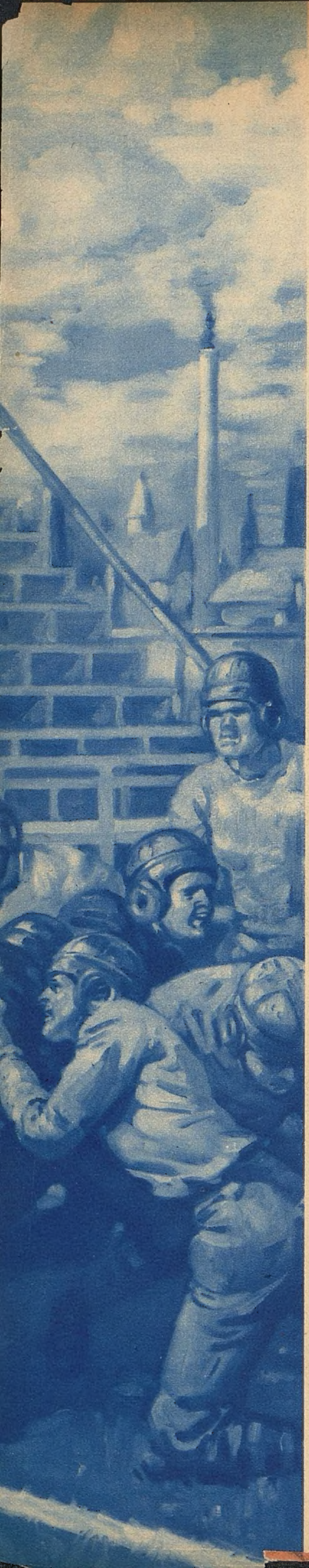
Kate watched, her eyes big, her breath quick.

But maybe this would not have been enough had it not been for English One-A.

Everybody took English One-A. Her section met in the Old Building. In a corner of the room there was a big round stove, relic of Far Western's distant rustic days. Behind it was a little nook much prized, supposedly shielded from Professor G. D. White's roving eye.

By some sort of tacit consent the nook seemed always to be left to a certain young man. He sat there, his feet on the stove—cold at this time of the year—relaxed in his corduroys. He had broad shoulders, a shock of goldenred hair, blue eyes, big humorous features, and little Freshman Kate liked this young man. He sat very quiet, very careful not to show his nose above the top of the stove or beyond its rotund flanks.

But there was something extremely malicious about that bespectacled Professor White. He did not seem to know that the boy was there, yet when he had some particularly tricky question to ask, suddenly he would say, "Mr. Halliday!"



Sorrow

by JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

And the young man behind the stove would come loosely to his feet with an effect of uncoiled springs; he would stand on one foot while the other drew geometric designs upon the floor; his face was flushed. The whole class went silent with a sort of happy expectation.

Mr. Halliday answered the question, and the class broke into a great laughter. Because the answer would have been so fantastic. There was, however, indulgence, affection, in the laughter. And Mr. Halliday's big honest features lit up; he grinned.

While Kate, without reserve, dissolved in tenderness. She knew just what kind this big English-foolish boy was. Her older brother was like that. He had taken English One-A four times during college before passing it, and yet he was now an almost famous engineer. But when he wrote home, he wrote, "Am exercising and keeping down my wasteline." He wrote, "For breakfast I have fruit and a serial."

Oh, if only she could help that boy! Help him write his themes (write his themes for him)!

She had been puzzled by that name, "Mr. Halliday." Because she now knew the captain of the football team was Ross Halliday. She made a discreet query, and was laughed at. For Ross Halliday, captain of the football team, and Mr. Halliday of behind the stove were one and the same Halliday!

That the semimysterious figure on the football field, helmeted knight, aloof and far, should also be that big, loose, humorous-featured, inept boy of English One-A, was too much. Little Kate became possessed of a secret sorrow.

Other campus girls had theirs. But they could smile over theirs. While Kate's, if not exactly a sorrow, owned real elements of it—nostalgia and longing. And while their secret sorrows were broadcast to the winds, hers was a little frightened and very deep and utterly silent.

HER mode of living encouraged this quality. She belonged to no sorority, not even to any boarding house; no bevy of merry girls circled her. She lived with Professor Putzker and did the typewriting for his treatise in five volumes on the use of the adverbial nominative by the great poet Schiller in his tragedy, The Brigands.

The professor and his solid wife were kindly but the meals were without excitement. Besides board, for the typewriting, Kate got room. She liked her room. The house was on what was called the Hill, a part of the college town which climbed a spur of the foothills above the campus, and the room was under the eaves, and the tip of a clematis vine peered in through the window. The room was cool and gray, and there was one bright burning thing in it—more precisely, in the closet. She opened the closet now and then; she peered into its darkishness, and the bright thing flamed. It was her party dress, hanging there very quietly, straight and untouched.

When—the Putzker arrangement having been made—her father had told her that she could go to college, she had leaped upon the bit of gay fabric long saved, and with needle and thread and shears and thimble in a trice had fashioned this bright thing, in innocent vision of festivities to come in that big gay young life ahead.

It hung in the closet very quietly, the party gown, a little like a secret.

While in the same solitude her sorrow continued to grow. It was not an intolerable thing, but it was certainly a little sad. There was also—her sense of humor whispered at times—something a bit absurd about it. In Hernani—she was reading it in French Seven—there was a line which spoke of the love of a worm for a star. "Little Freshie worm in love with the captain of the football team!" she paraphrased at times. But on the whole she preferred her secret untouched with laughter; she preferred it a bit mournful.

Little Freshie made her way to the football field. She chose a place at the empty end of the bleachers and became entranced.

And she had no intention of losing it, a little overheavy as it did seem at times.

So during September and during October, as dutifully she attended football practice, and dutifully she attended English One-A, it failed to diminish; it only flourished. Perhaps this was the fault of the weather. The usual September rains had failed; the land, instead of turning to lush green, remained golden and parched; there were great forest fires in the mountains, the newspapers said. October passed with still no rains.

The air was dry and electric; when in the morning Kate combed her hair, the comb crackled. She thought sometimes the sparks were in her heart.

Her imagination was active.

She imagined the Freshman Glee, which was soon to take place. She was there, in the bright gown, at its dedication. The band was playing; couples were whirling; the decorations fluttering. Precisely at midnight He appeared. There he stood, at the end of the hall, surrounded already by admirers.

Negligent yet gracious; a prince looking in upon his subjects. She had just been left by the boy who had taken her (her imagination was a little dim as to this boy); she was sitting against the wall. The visitor swept a slow glance along this wall.

What was that? He seemed to be asking a question of those about him; they seemed unable to answer. What was that? They seemed all to be looking toward her now.

And now one of the retinue was coming across the hall toward her. He stood before her.

" Miss Flanders—Ross Halliday—he's captain of the football team, you know—he is very anxious to dance with you. Is it all right? "

" Oh, yes, it is all right! " she cried, and sprang to her feet. And he came over very directly, and he opened his arms, and she went into them. To music she floated off with him in a whirlpool of clouds, haze, and ecstasy.

OR it was in a cool spot far up Coed Cañon. She sat beneath an oak tree with the books of English One-A. She heard a rustling on the fallen leaves, and he went by, and sat beneath another oak, and he, too, had the books of English One-A.

His voice came across the small space: " Aren't you in the English class? "

" Yes," she called back.

" What's the rigmarole about the Macaulay and De Quincey sentences? " he asked curiously.

" Macaulay uses a loose sentence, and De Quincey a periodic," she called back.

" You know everything," he said admiringly, and there was a silence.

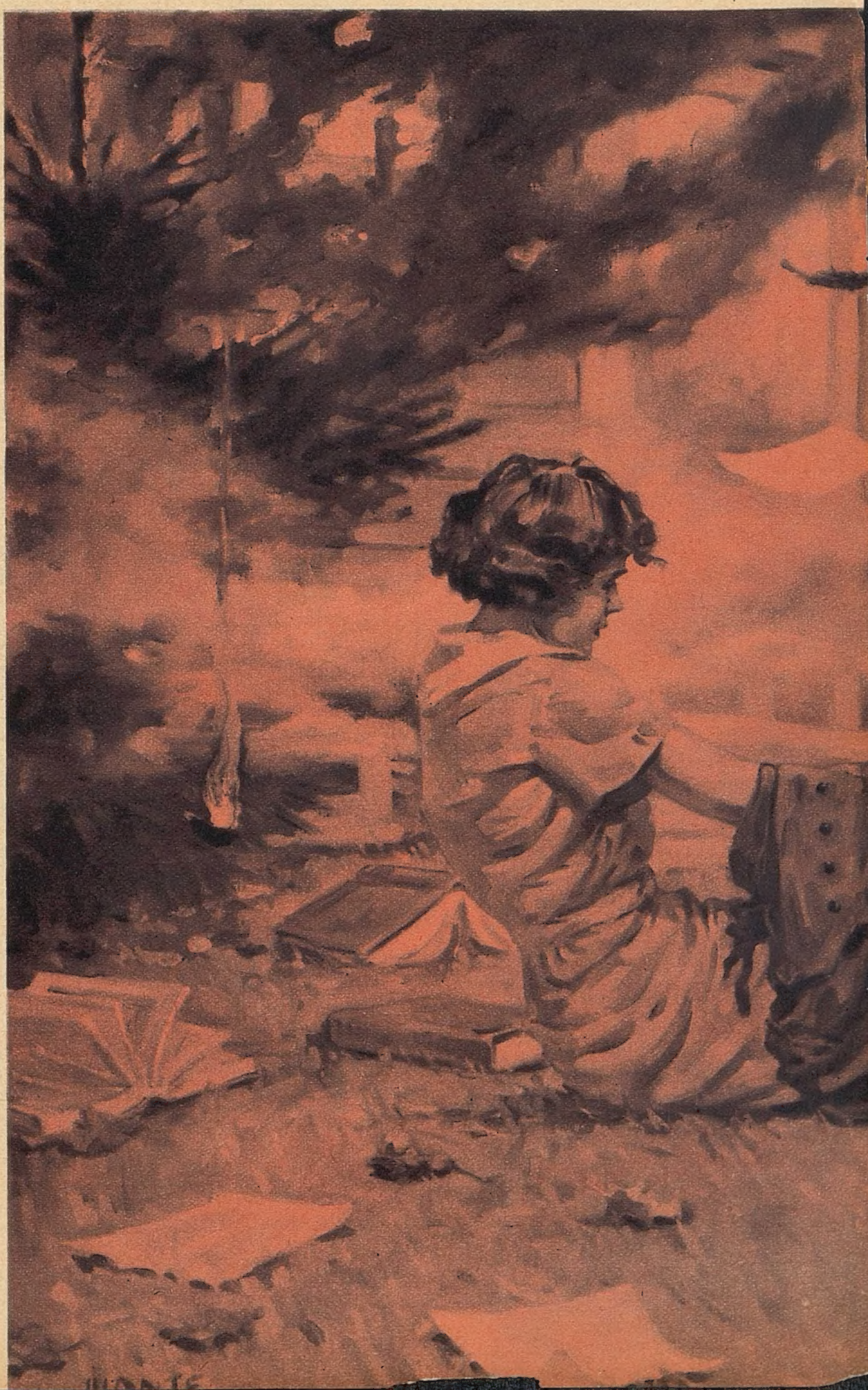
" Come on over, will you? " he said after a while, softly.

But it was he who was rising and coming over. He sat by her side and she helped him with his lesson. Gradually their cheeks came closer and closer as they studied their lesson gravely.

Once, not in dream, she did really come near him. Walking into the library, she saw that he was at the center table and that there was an empty chair by his side. She made for the empty chair, her heart thumping, her eyes half blind, and had almost reached it when abrupt panic seized her. She went stiffly by. When she had reached the end of the room, a back glance told her that florid Florence Maybelle now had the chair, and she went on till she was outside, with hot tears, to her amazement, in her eyes.

AND he didn't come to the Freshman Glee. She might have known; football men hit the hay at nine o'clock. That he had not come she learned indirectly, for she had not gone either. No one had asked her to go, and the bright party dress hung in the gray closet, still virginal. In Coed Cañon she continued to study English beneath an oak tree, but no one ever came to the other oak tree. And November came, and the rains still held off, and the football men toiled in heat and in dust, and the Big Game was near, and the fires had now come down to the coast. The mountain across the bay had smoked three days like a volcano.

And the campus air carried an acrid smell of smoke.



And now it was the middle of November, and the Big Game only two weeks away, and excitement was beginning to boil beneath the mechanical activities of the college. Kate could feel the excitement this afternoon in French Seven, together with a more obscure yet more violent restlessness. This came from sudden crackling bursts of wind that passed by the windows, carrying black smoke laden with gray ash. For several days there had been a grass fire behind the crest of the hills above the town and campus; gangs of fire fighters passed, climbed, and disappeared behind the crest. This morning the papers had it that the fire was under control. Queer control, thought the class in French Seven, squirming in their seats and filled with a conviction that they should be dismissed, even if only to view a possible spectacle.

BUT Professor Dumange, spick and span and spatted, draped in his cloak of light skepticism, was not dismissing them. Now and then he stood at a window and peered through the obscured glass. "Well, well, well," he would say. "One might think maybe something were happening. As we were saying, Miss Flanders, what would you say the Romantic School had done to the classic alexandrine of Racine and Corneille?"

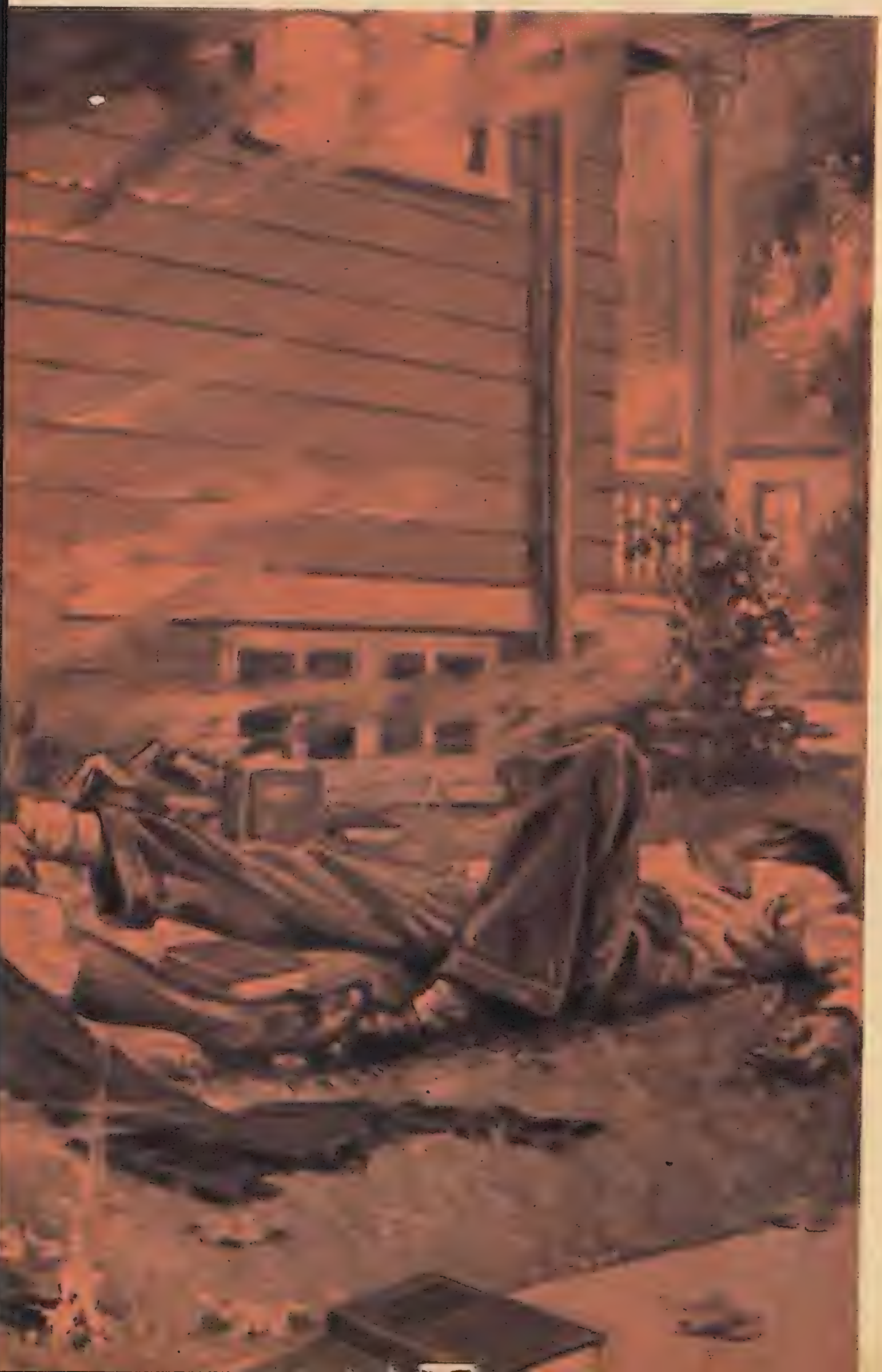
Why didn't he let them go? That black pall was filling the campus. Sounds in the distance—bells ringing—a siren—a rushing of feet along the hall outside the door—the class to their right, the class to their left seemingly had been dismissed by more humane pedagogues than this insufferable Frenchman of theirs.

But no. "Very good, Miss Flanders. A dislocation, as you say. And an extension. I wish the class would give less heed to what is happening outside and more to that which is happening inside. I assure the class that it is what is happening inside which is of the greater importance. That verb, *s'agenouiller*, for instance; who can conjugate it? I assure you that what is happening outside—pouf!—you will have forgotten it within a year. While the knowledge of how to conjugate the verb *s'agenouiller*—that will be of service to you, that will be a pleasure to you through a long life."

And thus he held them to the last minute of the long hour, while their irritation grew to consternation. They were out of the room in a stampede at the sound of the gong. And what they had guessed was true: all along the hall the doors were open on empty rooms; all the other classes long ago had been let go. And when they stood outside the building, a cry escaped them. The fire which had been burning on the plateaus above, erupting over the crest, had cataracted down upon the town. The Hill was blazing; the houses of its upper margin were one twisting flame; and now, even as she looked, Kate saw a house farther down the slope leisurely ignite like a big candle.

THE class was scattering like birds. Little Kate lowered her head and ran toward the conflagration. Not toward the conflagration but toward a bright party dress hanging all alone, innocent and helpless, in a gray closet in the very path of the roaring red cascading menace.

She streaked across the campus; she reached her street and ran up its steep slope in the face of a hot wind between gardens still cool. She was panting; she was praying a little. She reached the house, and it was standing there forlorn, with yawning front door, beneath a streaming canopy of smoke and live embers. On the way up she had unconsciously absorbed details she was to remember later. She had passed two fire engines and limp hoses and discouraged firemen holding up nozzles out of which poured lax inadequate streams. Men of the college, spontaneously organized, were rushing about in squads on errands of rescue, and already a certain system of salvage had established itself. People, abandoning their threatened houses, hurriedly packed



She crouched at his feet and tugged. He came along the grass an inch, two inches. Thus finally she got him out of the deadly alley and into the street.

trunks which they left on their lawns as they fled on; squads of college boys, when they came upon such trunks, dragged them down the steep streets, away from the blaze.

There, before the empty open house, were the trunks of Professor and Mrs. Putzker. One of the flying detachments came along, pounced upon the trunks, tied ropes to the handles, and, all pulling, loped off down the hill, the trunks scraping after them. "Better come along, sister," the last boy cried to her.

But, instead, she stepped into the silent house. She felt that she was entering a trap. The fire had not yet reached the block, but the block above was certainly beginning to go, and the fire, on the wings of the wind, was making now and then a great leap.

She was at the foot of the stairs now. Three flights up was her room. This was pushing farther into the trap. She took a deep breath and ran lightly up the first flight. She ran lightly up the second flight, pantingly up the third; she stepped into her room.

She was surprised to find it so quiet and so cool; the windows were closed. But even as she walked across, she saw the white counterpane of her bed take on a rosy hue as if from the glare of a great forge. She opened the closet door. The bright party gown hung in the dusky light, straight and secret and still. With a little eager sob she snatched it off the hook and threw it across her left arm.

She hesitated. She remembered the trunks and the boys dragging them away. The room did not hold much, but, oh, it held all she had! In lack of a trunk, she spread her big telescope bag open and began to throw things into it—an alarm clock first, a set of comb and brush, a mirror, then books, and again books, and more books—yes, it was the books she must save.

All of the time as she worked she had been dimly conscious of a like activity in the house next door.

It was also a three-story house, but standing farther up the slope, toward the fire, its third floor was almost a story above her. Across the windows up there a shadow was passing and repassing. And now a window opened, a man leaned out; with a large gesture he hurled into space an armful of books which swiftly plumped to the lawn below.

He drew back, vanished, and Kate stepped to her window and placed her forehead against the hot pane. The house next door was that of Professor G. D. White of English One-A, known as a collector of old, fine, and slightly decadent tomes. That man up there was saving the professor's books. He reappeared. Again, out of the window, with the free gesture of the sower, he scattered an armful of volumes to the hot wind and the flying embers.

Kate, this time, with a little gasp, shrank out of sight behind her window sill. That vigorous redeemer of books up there was the boy of behind the stove in English One-A. He was also that knight of the gridiron, Ross Halliday, captain of the football team!

SHE lingered there, peering, hypnotized instead of running—which it was high time to do; beyond doubt the fire had now reached the block. As she watched he would vanish for moments long to her, then he would be at the window again, sowing books liberally to the void. A rill of amusement was in her heart: he was using in this sacred task so much more gusto than reverence. The books on their way down to the lawn whirled, parted; leaves detached themselves and planed off on the stream of burning wind, or spiraled upward like butterflies. It would be a fine library that would come out of this—

Kate's two hands went to her heart. To a screeching squall of superheated air, the great pillar of fire above slowly inclined its head, lower, lower, then whipped a long elastic tongue around the house next door. She uttered a small cry. The fiery pillar stood upright again, and now the house next door was burning in every clapboard of the lower floors. The porch above the front door crackled.

Her vis-à-vis leaned far out now, gave the situation a moment's calm consideration, then bobbed out of sight. She could imagine him avalanching down the stairs toward a possible open escape down there. An eternity of time flowed by, then he was again at his window. He had found no escape down there.

He sprang up to his window sill. He crouched there, feet on the sill. He was grinning but she could see that his eyes, fixed on her window, held a calculating light. "Oh!" she cried, and opened her window.

"Hello!" he said to the clatter and her appearance.

"Hello!" she said.

"Listen," he called out. "Keep back a little. I'm going to try for your window."

He was well above her, and it was a terrible distance across. "Don't jump!" she cried, and as she cried, knew that to jump was his only chance.

"I'm coming," he announced. "Stand back a little. I'll hit hard when I land."

She withdrew, her hands at her throat, and saw him come flying toward her. He struck the sill with both feet, but only with the very tip of the shoes; immediately the feet disappeared, were replaced by two clutching hands; then these too vanished, and leaning out she saw him falling, falling, falling, close along the wall, through the clematis trellis, which crashed. He was on the lawn now, his corduroys, his white shirt a crumpled heap; he did not move.

SHE leaned far out, straining toward him for a long moment before she realized this direct way was not the helpful way to him; then whirled and ran down the stairs and out and around the corner of the house, the party dress, still across her arm, streaming behind her like a bright flag. She doubled another corner, and there he was, ahead. The house from which he had leaped was blazing now. The house toward which he had leaped was beginning to burn. He lay there between, in the narrow alley full of acrid smoke, flying embers, and terrific heat. She ran into the narrow inferno. She felt seared; she could not breathe. She threw herself down by his side. There, close to the grass, the air was better. She seized his big shoulders and shook him—oh, it was like trying to shake some big rock. "Wake up! Wake up!" she cried. She pounded his broad back. "Oh, wake up!" she wailed. But he did not stir.

She was crying with helplessness. She crouched at his feet; she took up one of the big feet and tugged. He came along the grass an inch, two inches. She gave three rageful tugs; he came along three inches. Oh, he was so heavy and so big, and she was so little!

Swirls of burning cinders swooped down from above; the air burned. She saw the bright gown still on her arm, and threw it around his head, across his mouth and nose and eyes and tied it. Then she took up a foot again. Inch after inch she drew him along. She would have to change foot every now and then: after she had pulled on one for a while, his lax body would be all distorted, the loose leg at right angles. She'd take up the other foot and pull.

And thus finally she got him out of the deadly alley and around the house into the street where the trunks had been, and saw one of those flying detachments of college boys run up. In a second they were about; they were raising him; they were carrying him off down the street away from danger, four at each side. She followed along a little behind, meek and dazed. An automobile came roaring up the street. They put him in it, and away it sped, the rescuers on the running boards. Then only did one of them think of little Kate, standing there forlorn. "Want to come along?" he shouted from the already rolling car. And stupidly she shook her head, and remained there, alone on the curb.

After a while she started walking, still downhill, still away from the fire, instinctively toward cool shaded avenues of the college town. She felt like a little girl whose doll has suddenly been snatched out of her hands. The uselessness of her two hanging arms, the emptiness between them after that long moment of violent possession left her entirely bereft.

From the porch of a house that she was passing an old lady called to her. She was seated by the side of an old man who, though silently, was also calling. Kate mechanically turned into the garden. "Were you burned out, dear?" said the woman. "Come in, come in," the man nodding approbation like a Chinese figurine. Kate found herself stretched out in a cool room, a wet bandage over her eyes. "Don't worry, dear," a voice was saying. "You can stay with us till you get fixed up; you can stay with us as long as you want. We'd love to have you . . ."

More than one student was having a similar experience that night, burned out in the great fire which was not to be checked till dawn. The excitement lasted some days. The newspapers gave statistics of the number of houses destroyed and of the loss in dollars with many zeros. On the campus, the general emotion took on a less pedantic character. The trunks saved by the flying detachments had been gathered in a great pyramid in front of the Coöp, and it became a new college custom to come here and watch the other look for his trunk. Some, expecting their trunks, found no trunks; others, expecting to find no trunks, found them. These were apt to register shock as they saw what they had packed in the trunk and had neglected to pack into it, and there was always a cheerful throng of spectators about the scene. Odds and ends mingled with the trunks—single shoes, skirts, trousers—added to the general happiness.

With this exhilaration went feverish rumor, gossip. Rumor first had had it, and now definite announcement had it, that with the Big Game only two weeks away, the captain of the team lay in the infirmary with broken arm and smashed shoulder. He had been trapped in the fire; he had leaped from a high window.

Romantic details that went with the story were scoffed at by the hard-boiled. These details asserted that he had been yanked out of an alleyway where he lay unconscious and roasting—by a girl! Here further romance supervened: the girl was an unknown. The flying squad of men who had taken him from her, finding that they were rushing the captain of the football team to the hospital, had given the girl little heed. They soon had lost her; no one had taken her name and address; who was the heroic coed? Buzz, buzz, buzz, who was the heroic coed? Mystery.

JAMES HOPPER *who was born in Paris in 1876 was brought to the United States when he was ten. He graduated from the University of California and worked on a San Francisco paper. Was a war correspondent during the war. Lives in California, but spends a good deal of his time in New York City.*

And meanwhile little Kate Flanders was keeping mute, mute—mute as a little mouse. Ironically enough, her condition had little changed. She had been living with an aged couple; she was still living with an aged couple. These were as kindly as the first—and their house was about as exciting. The moment of grand emotion had left its reaction, and she felt more alone than ever; she felt herself more than ever a little freshie worm.

Shyly one day, for no reason whatsoever, for she had had no trunk, and her packed suitcase had been left in her room in a house which was only a pinch of white ashes now, she made her way to the diminished trunk heap before the Coöp. And there met a surprise. Between two trunks, rumpled, torn, soiled, and scorched, a little humble rag lay which once had been a bright party dress. Waiting till no one looked, she drew it out, scrunched it into a little lump, and bore it away secretly under her arm.

BUT some one had looked and maybe this had been a trap. For as she was crossing the campus the morning after, four boys came running and laughingly circled her. "You are Miss Flanders!" they cried.

She admitted it.

"We have orders to take you to the infirmary!" they cried.

"But I don't want to go to the infirmary!"

"Oh, yes, you do!" said one. "We have our orders," said the second. "Orders is orders," said the third. "Come on, freshie!" said the fourth.

She dodged—and the first thing she knew was running. Running here and there, the four men playing cowboy. She doubled, she dodged, to no avail. Suddenly she submitted. Firmly they rushed her along the walk to the infirmary, up steps, into an elevator, out of the elevator, along a hallway, to a door which they opened.

"Well done, brothers," said a voice.

The door shut behind her, leaving her alone in the room with the voice.

The voice had come from a man in a bed. Ross Halliday, captain of the football team, lay there in the enameled bed which was almost the only furniture of the room. He was propped up on pillows, incased in splints and casts, and a bandage a little askew around his head gave him a brigand look. He was surveying her with extreme concentration, his eyes all screwed up.

Suddenly his features relaxed, beamed; he smiled. He was the boy of English One-A. "Jove!" he cried. "But I'm glad!

"I thought," he cried, "you were going to be a ten-ton truck!

"I sure did," he assured her. "They told me a girl had snaked me out of the alley where I was cooking. I thought, 'She must have been a great big one to drag *me!*' But I had to see her. Gratitude and all that. I sent my frat brothers after her. But certainly what I expected to see was a ten-ton truck. And now, you walk in!"

He was considering her with a complete satisfaction and no little tenderness.

"I know you," he said, very low now. "You're the little freshie in English One-A. The little fairy who always knows everything."

AGAIN he was looking at her silently. She stood there, unable to speak or to move.

"Come here," he whispered.

And unable to find the slightest resistance in herself, she felt herself float toward him. She stood by his side; her eyes looked down upon a big shoulder of plaster, like a statue's, and an arm swathed around and around with a bandage between whose twining a polished piece of wood glinted.

"The other side," he whispered.

Obediently she walked around the bed till now she looked down upon a left arm free of plaster and splint.

"Come closer, sweet," he whispered coaxingly, and with the arm free of cast and of splint drew her to him till she was sitting on the edge of the bed, her cheek close to his.

"Now tell me, sweet. What was it made you drag me out of the fire? Because I was captain of the football team?"

"Oh, no," she said.

"Was it because I was anybody? Would you have done it for anybody?"

"I don't know!" she cried, a bit racked.

"Why did you drag me out of the fire?" he stubbornly repeated.

And then she was weeping, she did not know why; tears were falling from her eyes and little sobs shook her. He drew her gently still closer, till she stretched beside him, her hot wet cheek against his. They remained thus a moment, while her sobbing gradually diminished, then suddenly seeing themselves in the extremely unconventional position they had innocently assumed, broke into a peal of delighted laughter.

"Listen, little freshie," he said, after their young laughter had ceased. "Are you dated for the Big Game?"

She said no.

"Swell! You're going with me. The doc says I can see it from the grandstand."

But they did not see it from the grandstand. A wounded football captain commands privileges. They drove out to the game in an automobile, and the big stadium gates opened before it, and it rolled across the turf, the only one in the arena, and came to a stop behind the Far Western players' bench, and there remained.

"Jove, that's a beautiful scarf!" he said.

From his raised pillows he was looking down at her although, out there, his team was spreading out for the kick-off.

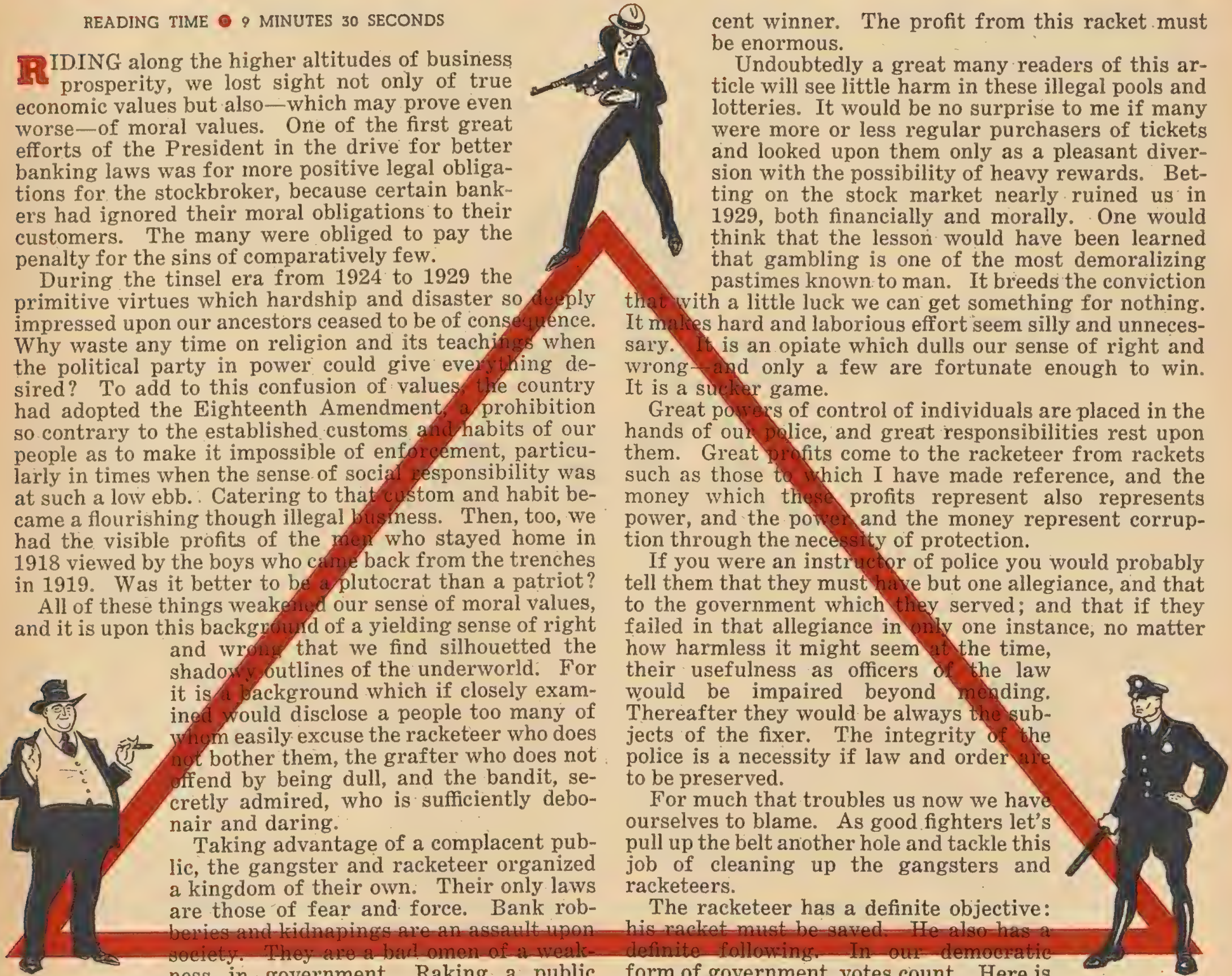
She laughed. "I made it out of an old party dress. Not an old party dress, but one that had got all rumpled and torn."

"Always wear it," he said. "Will you do that? Always wear it for me."

THE END

Police, Politicians,

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



RIDING along the higher altitudes of business prosperity, we lost sight not only of true economic values but also—which may prove even worse—of moral values. One of the first great efforts of the President in the drive for better banking laws was for more positive legal obligations for the stockbroker, because certain bankers had ignored their moral obligations to their customers. The many were obliged to pay the penalty for the sins of comparatively few.

During the tinsel era from 1924 to 1929 the primitive virtues which hardship and disaster so deeply impressed upon our ancestors ceased to be of consequence. Why waste any time on religion and its teachings when the political party in power could give everything desired? To add to this confusion of values, the country had adopted the Eighteenth Amendment, a prohibition so contrary to the established customs and habits of our people as to make it impossible of enforcement, particularly in times when the sense of social responsibility was at such a low ebb. Catering to that custom and habit became a flourishing though illegal business. Then, too, we had the visible profits of the men who stayed home in 1918 viewed by the boys who came back from the trenches in 1919. Was it better to be a plutocrat than a patriot?

All of these things weakened our sense of moral values, and it is upon this background of a yielding sense of right and wrong that we find silhouetted the shadowy outlines of the underworld. For it is a background which if closely examined would disclose a people too many of whom easily excuse the racketeer who does not bother them, the grafter who does not offend by being dull, and the bandit, secretly admired, who is sufficiently debonair and daring.

Taking advantage of a complacent public, the gangster and racketeer organized a kingdom of their own. Their only laws are those of fear and force. Bank robberies and kidnapings are an assault upon society. They are a bad omen of a weakness in government. Raking a public square with machine-gun fire to make sure of a successful escape after looting a bank might have been expected as a product of a mind of the Middle Ages. It devastates the complacent attitude that we have reached the most advanced stage of civilization of all recorded history. The threat of kidnaping strikes terror to the mother's heart. Stealing and chaining a little child to a post as though she were a dog outrages our natural confidence in human beings.

Such are the conspicuous crimes which openly annihilate our sense of safety. Yet there are other crimes and rackets much more dangerous to society because it may be thoroughly undermined by them before it is aware of their existence.

Did you ever hear of the "nigger" pool? If you have not but wish to, discreet inquiry will bring you information as to how and where you may place your bets. Did you ever hear of the Treasury pool? If you inquire about it you will probably be told to choose three numbers and look in the paper the next morning to find out if your choices are the last three numbers in the United States Treasury balance as printed in the newspapers. You may play any amount you wish, from a penny to five dollars. If you win, your gain is large—700 to one. But the number of winners is small—one in 1,000. There are 999 losers out of every 1,000 players, the winner taking the bets of 700 if they all bet alike. The pool is a 30-per-cent winner. The profit from this racket must be enormous.

Undoubtedly a great many readers of this article will see little harm in these illegal pools and lotteries. It would be no surprise to me if many were more or less regular purchasers of tickets and looked upon them only as a pleasant diversion with the possibility of heavy rewards. Betting on the stock market nearly ruined us in 1929, both financially and morally. One would think that the lesson would have been learned that gambling is one of the most demoralizing pastimes known to man. It breeds the conviction that with a little luck we can get something for nothing. It makes hard and laborious effort seem silly and unnecessary. It is an opiate which dulls our sense of right and wrong—and only a few are fortunate enough to win. It is a sucker game.

Great powers of control of individuals are placed in the hands of our police, and great responsibilities rest upon them. Great profits come to the racketeer from rackets such as those to which I have made reference, and the money which these profits represent also represents power, and the power and the money represent corruption through the necessity of protection.

If you were an instructor of police you would probably tell them that they must have but one allegiance, and that to the government which they served; and that if they failed in that allegiance in only one instance, no matter how harmless it might seem at the time, their usefulness as officers of the law would be impaired beyond mending. Thereafter they would be always the subjects of the fixer. The integrity of the police is a necessity if law and order are to be preserved.

For much that troubles us now we have ourselves to blame. As good fighters let's pull up the belt another hole and tackle this job of cleaning up the gangsters and racketeers.

The racketeer has a definite objective: his racket must be saved. He also has a definite following. In our democratic form of government, votes count. Here is where the politician comes into the picture, and a definite alliance—although the politician may not recognize it—between police, politicians, and racketeers may result. Of course it goes without saying that the great majority of our citizens, including the police, are honest and in favor of honest government and of law enforcement. But acquaintance with the facts is the great essential if we are to have them.

Under the present police system the force of each subdivision of government is a separate and distinct unit. What is done in Brownville is, generally speaking, of no concern to Smithtown. When a Dillinger steps over the line from one to the other the policeman cannot follow. When both jurisdictions are involved in the crime and the escape, there is no one to coördinate the endeavors to apprehend him. To apprehend a felon who has committed a crime in one city is often a matter of secondary interest to the police authorities of another city. Such is almost always the case except in crimes of wide public attention. Certainly the police of one city do not bother about a Treasury pool or a lottery operation in any other city. They are not even interested in those in their own.

This lack of interest and coördination is not the only difficulty in the apprehension of criminals. Things are not as they were in the old days. Then the criminal worked alone, without organization. Now we have the

and Racketeers

Photo by Bachrach

A State Executive Finds a Grim Warning for the Nation in His Own Unsuccessful Fight for Better Defense Against Crime

by GOVERNOR JOSEPH B. ELY

OF MASSACHUSETTS

gang, the organization, the money. Racketeering is a profitable business. Every invention of science which can be useful to the criminal is used.

To meet this situation, I recommended to the Massachusetts Legislature that the police units of the commonwealth be coördinated under the State Commissioner of Public Safety. A strong measure of unified control was presented for their consideration. This horrified the police. What would happen to their Civil Service rights? Were they to be compelled to move from place to place as the commissioner should order? Who would control the promotions? The old cry was raised of home rule violated.

As this was not a move against the police but rather to aid them, the proposed legislation was modified to protect all rights now held under Civil Service. Where the original measure had made it necessary for any applicant for enrollment on the force to attend a state school for education and training, this provision was modified so that each community might run its own school under rules and regulations to be laid down by the commission. Each city and town was to create the personnel of its own force without any dictation from the central authorities. No man was to be shifted from town to town.

It was then discovered that the policemen and the chiefs would not trust the state commissioner, so it was provided that there should be an advisory board of three head men to be chosen from the various forces of the state. Then it was found that the policemen did not trust their own chiefs.

ONE of the central ideas of unification was the creation of a state-wide detective bureau, to be used as a coördinating force in marshaling the police agencies of the state for the apprehension of the perpetrators of conspicuously serious crimes; all this under control of the central commission.

The policemen would not consent. It was "un-American." It violated the principle of home rule and affronted their dignity.

The original measure provided for a unified control of the agencies of communication, such as the teletype and the radio. Even this the police lobby refused to approve. The original measure asked for authority to permit the present detective bureau to employ scientific men—a pathologist, for one. But this also was asking too much.

That a great majority of the people of the state seemed to favor it mattered not at all. No measure of police unification was enacted.

I have never looked upon police officials as bad men. I found them the chief bulwark of the old order, the conservative of conservatives. It was better, they thought, to let these bad men escape and let the rackets operate, although nothing was said about rackets, than to give any power, even of recommendation, to a centralized authority.

So the measure died. The combination of police and politics administered the lethal dose. It was done, so they say, to protect the state from a police oligarchy. But the police oligarchy in every city and town is preserved by it and the political favors will go on as usual. Even the politicians secretly admit this. The same legislature, by passing a bill, asked me to direct the Board of Health to inspect and sterilize bedding and upholstery in the manufactories of the state.

The police officials had so impressed me with the necessity of refraining from interfering with the business of any one else that I could not become hard-hearted enough to sterilize bedding.

Now, I would not wish a military police under the control of one man whose word was law. Neither would I wish a snooping secret service.

I am a believer in home rule myself. On the other hand, there is a course to be safely followed in coördinating the efforts of an intelligent and honest police for the suppression of crime and of rackets never prosecuted yet none the less illegal and corrupting beyond account. The forces of the police and the scientific measure by means of which they operate must be marshaled. These efforts must be coördinated, the men must be trained, the detective bureau must be the best possible, or corruption will continue.

My experience teaches me that to do it will be no easy undertaking. Success depends upon a reawakening of the public conscience and the creation of a public demand for it. Votes count, and this time the police and those with special police privileges had the votes.

THE END

Murder

The Story of a Man Who Loved Too Many Women—A Vivid Tale of Secret Amours and a Mysterious Nemesis

by LUCILE ANETEL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

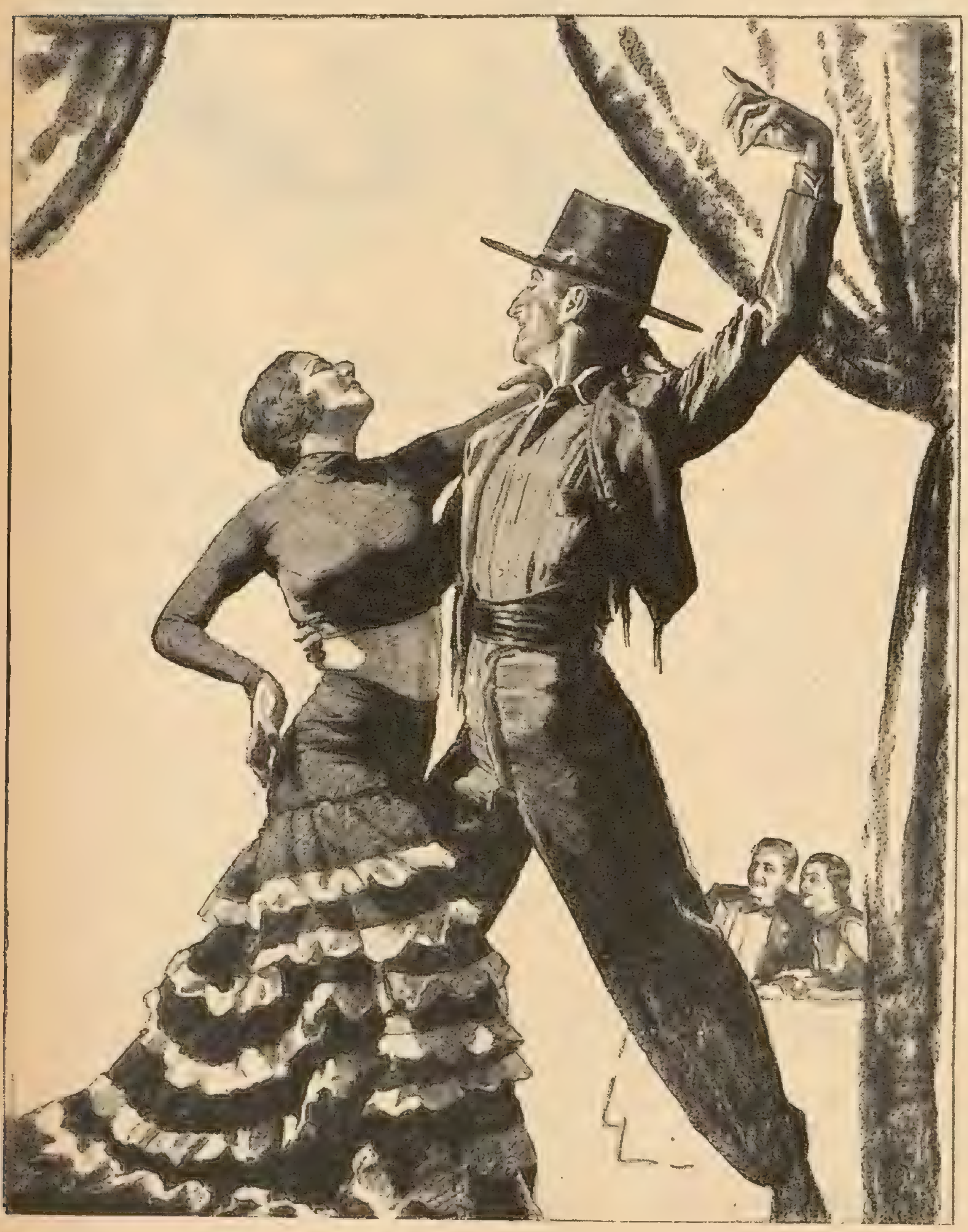
READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 26 SECONDS

DR. DENNIS O'DAY, handsome and brilliant, is murdered. His body is found before dawn beside his car on the Rome road near Utica, his home. His skull has been crushed with some instrument which has disappeared, and there are scratches on his fine thin hands.

Jonathan Van Winkle, a farmer, made the discovery after being awakened by the whinnying of his mare. He knew Dr. Dinny well, the latter having paid marked attentions to his daughter, Mary, at one time. He telephones for the victim's brother, Dr. Angelo O'Day, but the latter is not at home. Jason Jones, a friend of the O'Days, hurries to the scene, and finds in the road a jeweled clip shaped like a Swiss chalet. This seems to be the only clue.

Jason hides the clip from Sergeant Donovan and Detective Perkins when they arrive. He returns to the O'Day home, where he is stopping, and the brothers' Aunt Harriet, a gaunt, brusque woman of the old school, gives him breakfast. Then he goes to Williams, the Utica jeweler who made the ornament, and the latter admits he made four of them for Dr. Dinny—each for a different woman. Mrs. Lila Gay Gibson got the first; Miss Primrose Evans got the second; Mary Van Winkle the third; and Miss Celia Townsend the fourth. Jason determines to learn which of the four owns the clip he found beside Dr. Dinny's body.

He first visits Celia Townsend, a society girl. She establishes her alibi by producing her own clip; and Jason, taking it, returns to the O'Day home. He plans to visit Lila Gibson next; but Aunt Hat says Lila took the midnight train for New York an hour or more before the murder. Angelo corroborates this in part, declaring Lila left her house key with him and asked him to keep an eye on the property. Jason mentions that there was fresh tar on the Rome road, and also fresh tar on the tires on Angelo's car, before he washed it off that morning when he got home.



Lila and Dinny were together constantly, visiting a dozen cabarets on Montmartre and Montparnasse.

# of Dr. Casanova

PART TWO—LILA GAY

JASON paused. Angelo, bending over the hood of his car, said nothing.

"Of course the police might not get to know a little detail like that," Jason went on, "and might not think it important, but they'll probably come questioning you about Dinny's friends all the same, including Lila Gibson. Now, Angelo, if you want me to shut up and go away, say so."

"I don't know. I don't know what I want."

"I'm going to speak to your Aunt Harriet for a moment. I'll be back."

Jason knew Angelo's mind traveled to a conclusion like an auger boring a hole in a plank. Dinny's mental pyrotechnics had glowed all the more brilliantly against the patient scientific progress of his brother's thought.

But—it was a family joke that Angelo's papers went into the Journal of the American Medical Association, while Dinny's lay half finished in his desk.

His brief conversation with Aunt Harriet concluded, Jason returned to the garage. And Angelo had made his decision.

"I'd like you to stay and help us. I'm afraid we're in a mess."

"Of course," agreed Jason. "Then *you* will have to help *me*. First we must go down to the railroad station."

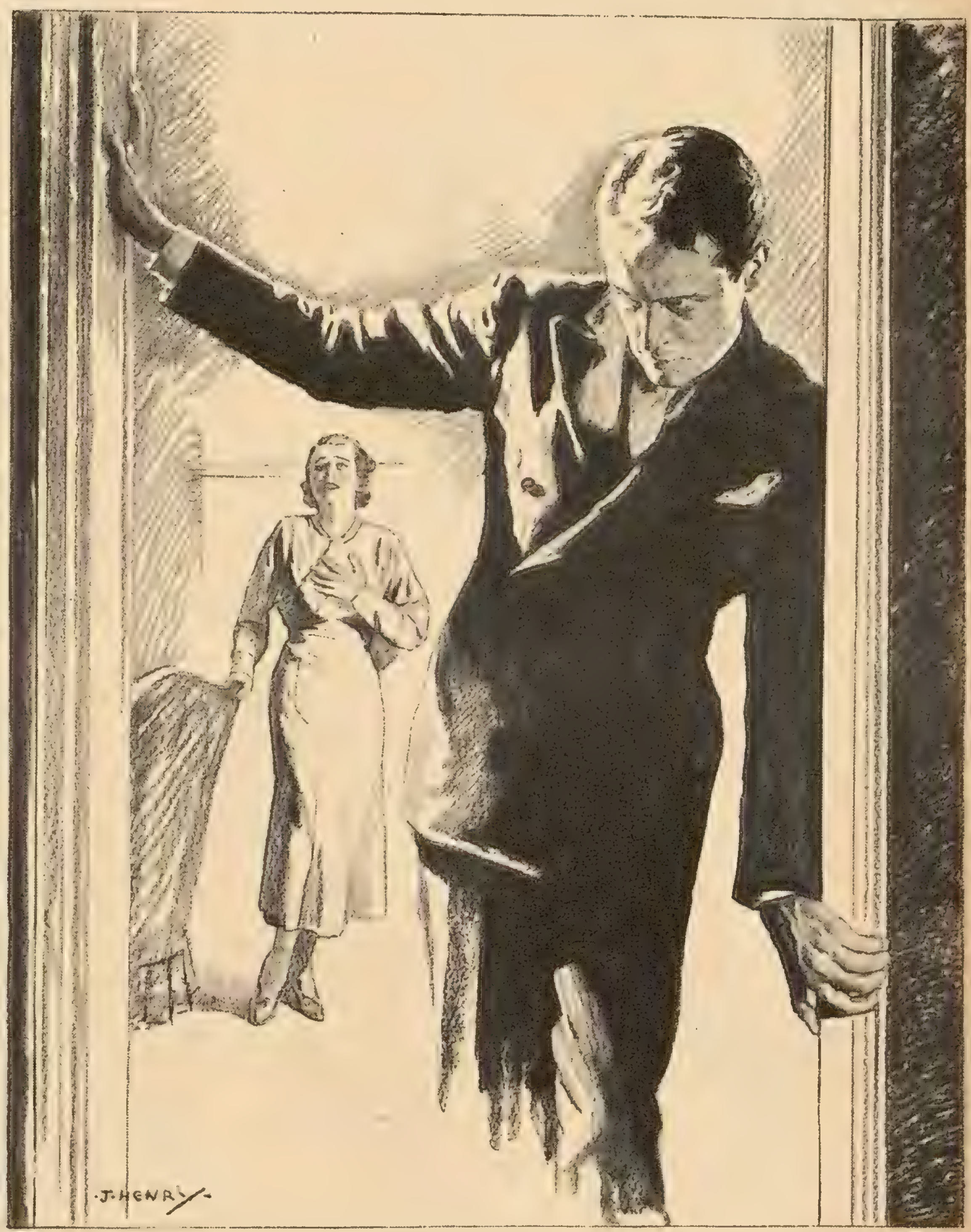
At the station they learned from the agent that no woman had boarded the midnight for New York the night before.

"Home again?" asked Angelo.

"Oh, no. We'll try Mrs. Gibson's house. Maybe she didn't go to New York, after all."

"But she did, I tell you! I—that is—"

"Never mind. Let's go see. She just might have changed her mind."



It was hours before Lila could convince Dinny that their summer idyl was indeed over. When the realization came, he stormed out of her apartment.

So here they were in Lila Gay Gibson's utterly ridiculous bedroom.

When they had found the front door locked and all the shades drawn, Angelo produced a key and they tiptoed softly through the lower rooms, the formal mauve-and-rose-brocaded parlor and the dining room.

"Waterford glass goblets," Angelo whispered. "That painting's a genuine Turner. This little one is a Manet. She had a passion for the nineteenth-century."

"And for Dinny?" Jason asked.

"I guess so. Yes—yes."

Jason's eyes were troubled as they went up the thickly carpeted red stairs to Lila's bedroom. He laughed aloud as he saw it. For here indeed her passion for the grandeurs, the feminine elegancies of a past age, had burgeoned into flower. It was a picture from some Victorian lady's book. The walls were of delicate green-and-mauve "shot silk," the curtains of heavy Venice lace.

The bed was a huge black-walnut affair carved and elaborated almost beyond belief with pineapples and gargoyles, small cherubs and full-blown roses, and touches of dull gilt wearing thin. Over the foaming lace spread were heaped pillows of finest dimity, of pale green satin, pale green organdie, pale yellow organdie, pale yellow satin—round pillows, square ones, three-cornered ones.

"That bed's a genuine Second Empire," Angelo insisted. "It belonged to the Duchess Salmpierre, personal friend of the Empress Eugénie."

"You've seen it before, then?" Jason asked slowly.

"She had flu last winter. I attended her."

"You? Where was Dinny?"

"He—she—they weren't always friends. They used to quarrel. When she was mad at him she used to say she wouldn't call him in to look at a sick cat. This was one of the times they'd been quarreling."

"I know, Angelo. But tell me of her. Out of this—this ladylike welter, what emerges?"

"Well"—Angelo delivered the description with his most diagnostic air—"she *is* a lady. She looks modern enough: thin, graceful, small white fragile hands. Lady's little hands. Small feet, and she wears fancy buckles on her slippers. Her hair is smooth, very shining black, long and off her ears. She wears earrings. I'm not sure, but I think maybe they are of this same Second Empire type. She's tried to educate me into a knowledge of antiques, but I can't retain it. Dinny has all the patter at his finger tips—he had, I mean." Angelo's voice broke for an instant and he turned away abruptly.

"But look!" Jason had been rummaging through bureau and desk. "She's cleaned her desk out slick as a whistle. Not a letter, not even a bill or a receipt or a memorandum. Nothing. Let's have a look at the closet. Nothing! The place is as empty as a hotel room between guests. And you said she left in a hurry?"

"She did, Jason."

"How do you know?"

"She came to see me yesterday, to bring me the key."

"At your office?"

"At the house."

"Did she ask for Dinny?"

"Yes. Oh, yes." Angelo's voice was unhappy. "She asked for him but he wasn't at home."

"Don't answer if you'd rather not, Angelo," said Jason; "but were you and Dinny rivals over Lila?"

"Good Lord!" Angelo exclaimed. "She's married!"

"Did Dinny always remember that?"

"Perhaps not. But she is a friend of the family. We've known her for years. We're all fond of her."

"Let's go home."

It was a silent drive. Angelo kept his eyes on the road. Jason, sensing his mood, pretended to be sunk in thought, though a hundred questions were battering for utterance.

Aunt Hat met them at the door.

"The police have been here," she announced.

"What did they want?" Angelo barked.

"To go through Dinny's desk and things."

"Did they take anything away?"

"No." Aunt Hat's monosyllable seemed to be directed solely at Jason; and while Angelo was taking the car around to the garage Jason followed her into the house.

"Come upstairs," she ordered, and led him into the linen room. "You'll find some of his letters tied in a bundle among the pillowcases, and some more back of the bath towels, and the diaries at the bottom of that box of soap—all but the last. I'm reading that myself and I'll let you have it when I've finished. No, the police didn't take anything away. I took away first everything they'd have wanted, like you told me to."

And Aunt Hat stalked out of the linen room.

IF Jason felt any twinges of embarrassment at the thought of reading his friend's personal letters, they were soon dispelled; for the neat packs, tied in red twine and labeled "Jan.—June, 1929," "July—Dec., 1929," "Jan.—June, 1930," etc.—revealed a side of Dinny's that had nothing to do with philandering. He had saved no letters except those composing his "testimonials." There were two or three hundred, perhaps, strangely alike in their grateful conceit: "You saved my life." "Other doctors had given me up." "I had been ill for years."

So he took his doctoring seriously and was proud of his successes. What a story of devotion and loving-kindness the letters told! A tale of desperate fighting with death through long days and nights at a patient's bedside; gifts of coal and groceries; a vacation in the country for one poor woman who cleaned the halls of the hospital; free operations. Open-handed Dinny, giving away happily and carelessly whatever he had to give, and mixing prescriptions oddly compounded of science's newest discoveries and old-fashioned practical charity.

The diaries remained. Several fat volumes. The first entry was in June, 1920. Angelo and Dinny had just graduated from Harvard and Aunt Harriet was taking them abroad for the summer, before they entered medical school.

"Diaries," wrote Dinny on the first line of his book, "are either dull or dangerous. The minute mine stops being dangerous I'll start wearing a hair shirt."

Jason smiled at the thought of Dinny in penitential garb. He read on. The long hot afternoon wore slowly to a close. Through the linen-room window there came faintly to his senses the fragrance of sweet peas that clambered up the trellis outside. From across the room there came the sharp pungency of dried lavender hidden among the linens.

JASON was heavily conscious of all the sorrow in the world gathered for a moment and concentrated in Aunt Hat's linen room, where he sat, Dinny's friend, searching out a reason for Dinny's death, watching every page for a clue to the murder, a word picture of the murderer, a name, a threat, an enemy.

Time, in that silent room, stood still.

The Diary

June, 1920: Dinny and Angelo had the pleasant old cabin ship virtually to themselves all the way to Plymouth. Aunt Harriet wanted a few days in Devon, so they took the odd-looking narrow-gauge train to Exeter and spent a week at a hotel that had once been a grand manor house in its own park just outside the town. The hawthorn was still in blossom. The lawns were sprinkled with pink-tipped English daisies.

After nine days there the O'Days went on to London, and Dinny and Angelo went timidly to Bond Street and came away (after innumerable fittings) with their self-conceit and their wardrobes considerably enlarged. Aunt Hat went to every mystery matinée in town. Angelo joined Cook's day tours.

Dinny went to Epsom Downs to see the Derby. He forgot to carry a lunch, grew bitterly hungry, and was fed by three Hindu students who sat next to him with a suitcase full of sandwiches. The Hindu students were flying to Paris the next day, and Dinny's imagination was fired to go too. He rushed home from the Derby, the race quite out of his mind, to urge Aunt Hat and Angelo to go to Paris.

July, 1920: In Paris they stayed at the Continental, on the Rue de Rivoli, in rooms looking out over the Tuileries Gardens. After the grayness of London, Paris seemed to them to shine in exultant splendor.

One morning Dinny thought he would go alone to the Luxembourg. Aunt Hat promised to meet him at Foyot's for lunch, and she forced an umbrella into his unwilling hands, for it looked, she decided, like a thunderstorm.

And that is how he met Lila.

She was dawdling through the small rooms, a picture herself in a crisp black organdie dress over a white satin slip. Her wide black organdie hat was adorned with a wing of turquoise feathers. From the tips of her tiny ears hung ornate turquoise-and-gold pendants. Encircling her slender white throat was a necklace of black onyx beads set in pearls, every fifth bead a blue-green turquoise carved to simulate the calyx of a flower.

She was twenty-five. Dinny was a precocious twenty.

He followed her discreetly as she went out, and stood by her in the doorway when she hesitated to emerge. Aunt Hat's promised rain had come, and the downpour was torrential.

Dinny looked at her frail little dress and hat; his glance traveled back to her woebegone face, puckered up to cry, he thought; and he found courage to address her.

"Do you want a taxi?" he asked.

"But there are none in sight," she objected. (She spoke American! "So far, so good," exulted Dinny.)

"I have a great big umbrella," he boasted.

"Just the same" (she was a bossy little thing, he decided), "it's raining pitchforks. You'd be drenched. We'll wait here till it stops."

"Yes, ma'am," Dinny said meekly.

They both giggled, and went back to a bench and sat together while the storm spent its force.

They were silent at first, until Dinny needed reassurance that her silence was not reproach. "My name," he began chattily if a bit anxiously, "is Dennis O'Day."

"Mine," she answered in the same tone, "is Lila Gay."

"That's beautiful. Lila Gay. Wait a minute—Dinny O'Day came all the way from U. S. A. to meet Lila Gay."

"And what did he have to say?"

"He said:

"'I wonder if I may
Suggest some consommé,
Asparagus soufflé,
And raspberry frappé
At Foyot's across the way?
Pray do not say me nay,
Miss Lila Gay!'

"Besides," he continued hastily, for fear she might refuse if he gave her a chance to speak—"besides, I'm meeting my aunt at Foyot's. So you'd be chaperoned within an inch of your life!"

Lila laughed briefly. "That, of course, makes all the difference in the world."

Aunt Hat's one rule of conduct in relation to her boys was never by overt word, act, or look to criticize their friends. She met Lila with disarming cordiality, and after lunch tactfully discovered an important errand in a shop back of the Odéon. "You children run along," she commanded. "I'll go back when I'm ready."

Then she marched off.

One soft shoulder was against his heart; her hand sought his; her hair was warm, faintly perfumed.

Lila and Dinny were together constantly from that day on, visiting a dozen noisy cabarets on Montmartre and Montparnasse.

"I'm married," she said abruptly to him one evening. "I've been married to a brute for five years and I'm here in Paris being divorced. With good luck I'll get my decree in August."

She kissed Dinny on his left eyebrow and left him.

AUGUST, 1920: Lila won her divorce from her brute and at once summoned the three O'Days to her apartment for tea.

"We must give you something," said Dinny. "Divorce presents are just as much in order as wedding presents."

Lila hesitated.

"Would you all like to join me in giving one to myself? It's a trip to Switzerland. There's room for all of you in my car, and—"

"Whither thou goest," promised Dinny, "I will go. And my family shall be your family."

Early the next morning they started, Dinny and Angelo taking turns at the wheel, Lila beside the driver, spelling out the map.

They drove into Interlaken just before lunch on a sunny August morning, a bit travel-weary, delightfully hungry, and strangely uplifted by the majesty of the country through which they had been traveling. Their hotel was crowded with tourists, but two rooms were found for Aunt Hat and the boys, looking down upon the cobbled courtyard, while a tiny spotless cupboard of a room was all that was left for Lila. It had one priceless advantage, a balcony that hung out over the lake.

When they met outside the dining room for dinner that evening Dinny cried, "Lila, you are beautiful!" Angelo said nothing, but he caught his breath sharply, and her smile was an answer to his unspoken compliment.

She wore an ice-green satin dress, the décolleté sharply squared, the shoulders held by narrow bands of aquamarine beads. Beads of the same color twinkled on the buckles of her tiny green slippers. Her only jewels were earrings of old French paste. She had brushed her long black hair till it shone.

"CHAMPAGNE, of course," said the waiter, proffering the wine card to Angelo.

"The perfect tribute," agreed Dinny. "Champagne it must be."

After dinner, to Aunt Hat's very evident satisfaction, three rubbers of bridge were played. She retired early. Angelo moved away to examine some prints on the walls.

"Let's go up to your balcony and moon at the moon," whispered Dinny.

"We can't steal off and leave him," she answered. "He'd be hurt. Wait—I'll ask him to come too. Oh, Angelo!" she called.

He came to her side eagerly.

"We're going up to my balcony to see the Alps by night. Come along."

Angelo glanced at Dinny. "I guess not," he said.

It was cold on the balcony, but Lila wrapped herself cozily in her big ermine cloak. Dinny refused a wrap until Lila, drawing her chair close to his, threw half her cloak around him. One soft shoulder was against his heart; her hand sought his; her hair, stirred by the wind, was warm, faintly perfumed.

Below them the lake was black, except where the moonlight made for itself a path of silver on the whispering water. Above, a hundred thousand stars were twinkling.

As he turned his head to look at her, Dinny saw that Lila was weeping silently.

"Why? Why?" he stammered.

"I've made such a mess of my life!" She withdrew her hand from his and sought in the front pocket of his coat for his handkerchief.

"Your life has just begun. It begins tonight, *enfant terrible.*"

Lila drew a long sobbing breath—like a little girl, he thought, trying not to cry. He kissed her cheek as one comforts a child. Then blindly his lips sought hers.

When he stole into his room just after dawn, Dinny found Angelo asleep, one hand showing above the quilts tightly clenched into a fist. During all that day of sightseeing Angelo scarcely spoke to his brother and would not meet Lila's eyes. Aunt Hat alone seemed unaware that the serpent had entered their Garden of Eden, for she was as briskly cheerful as ever; but it was Aunt Hat who proposed, two days later, that they return to Paris.

"We've got to get rid of them," said Dinny, back in Lila's apartment in Passy. "I must see you constantly. I go mad when I think that the summer is nearly gone and we've settled nothing."

"Settled?" she laughed mockingly. "What a word!"

But to Dinny it seemed tragically imperative for the lovers to be together, and alone. It proved surprisingly easy to maneuver Angelo back to London, but Aunt Hat was stubborn. Dinny knew that she was entirely aware of the situation. "She always did have eyes in the back of her head," he grumbled.

In the end she did go, very quietly, almost solemnly, with Angelo, leaving Dinny to his love for a week of almost perfect happiness. Almost perfect. Lila would not discuss their future plans, though the time was near when Dinny must return to college, if he were going back at all.

"You mustn't be mad, my darling," she tried to explain.

He choked with anger. "You think I— Oh, I don't understand except that you don't love me!"

"You're a child—a very dear child. I do love you, but go back to school and forget about me."

"But what did it all mean, if you didn't intend to marry me?" He was puzzled, this youngster who had thought himself so sophisticated.

"It meant," she said, "that I did intend to marry you—at first."

"Then you fell for Angelo!"

"No."

"Tell the truth, Lila."

"If you must have it, Dinny, then I fell for your Aunt Hat. She told me flatly she was going off to London to leave us together for a week, at the end of which time she said she expected you to join her and go back and finish your education. She said it was very unfinished now—and, darling, that's true enough. She said she realized that in many ways I'd been good for you, and that I am, in spite of everything, a nice girl and that times have changed a lot since she was young. She's incredible! She's worth more to you than I am, and I'm sending you back to her."

"If I won't go, what?"

"You'll go, Dinny. This idyl is over. It ends today. Shall we go out to dinner in the Bois and dance all night?"

But she was not to be let off so lightly as that. It was hours before Lila could convince Dinny that their summer idyl was indeed over. When realization came, he stormed out of her apartment half mad with despair.

In two days he was with Angelo and Aunt Harriet on the ship that was taking him back to medical school.

During the next few years Dinny mentioned Lila's name only half a dozen times. The diary was sloppily kept during this period while he was studying medicine. A professor's epigram on tardy laboratory workers was noted down with glee. A fellow student's description of the Follies in New York; a dance on Beacon Hill; an anatomical drawing; a case history copied from a book and commented on. Dinny himself, Dinny's thoughts, even Dinny's external life had disappeared from the journal.

Once there was a laconic "Letter from Lila."

Months later: "Lila is engaged to be married."

Later still: "Lila has broken her engagement. How like her!"

And just before he graduated: "Lila is married. So that ends that. I'm glad. Now I shall be free."

HE served his interneship at St. Luke's Hospital in New York. Hospital life fascinated him and he worked and played amazingly hard.

To his surprise and somewhat to his consternation, he ran into Lila one night at the theater. Her new husband, Roger Gibson, a construction engineer, was working on the Holland Tunnel. Dinny liked him at first sight, disliked Lila, and, though urged to call upon them, found excuses for not going.

Lila came to him at the hospital one afternoon, and carried him off to tea. The same Lila. The same Dinny. His carefully erected defenses melted like the sugar in his tea.

"I called her Delilah," he wrote a few weeks later. "She was furious and I had to make it up to her. She is not Delilah. She is Lilith, my dark angel, my dark flower, my heart's darling."

Then came the tragic farewells when he left to join Angelo and start a practice in Utica. That had been their plan since childhood and not even Lilith could break Dinny's dream of a career with his brother. This time it was Lila who said, "I hate you," and Dinny who answered, "You don't understand."

The first two years in Utica were apparently the happiest in Dinny's life. He was working as never before, building up a practice and a reputation, maturing in mind and spirit. His very handwriting took on firm adult lines. He and Angelo were friends. . . .

Jason turned the pages slowly.

January, 1926: "The Gibsons, of all people, have come to Rome, of all places. Roger has a job with the Savitt people. They have bought a house out at Delta Lake. I shall probably not see much of them."

But by June he was seeing them constantly. A grateful patient gave him three acres of woodland with a frontage on Otsego Lake, near Cooperstown. It was at Lila's suggestion that he built a reproduction of a Swiss mountain chalet on the land, high over the lake. Lila helped to decorate and furnish it. She named the place the Chalet, and said that it reminded her of their night in Interlaken, which she would always remember as the happiest night of her life.

"LILA is adorable but too possessive," he wrote.

And another time: "She ought not to phone me at the hospital. I've asked her not to. Women have no sense."

But later: "Lila is so gentle. How dark my life would be if I had never met her!"

Gibson was away during the month of June. The Chalet was finished and furnished, but still Lila drove down on Fridays to wait for Dinny, who dashed to her for the week-ends, leaving Angelo to care for his patients.

The little jeweled clip, the Chalet in miniature, was a gift he brought her on one of these week-ends. There was a sketch of it in the diary. Dinny was proud of it, and Lila wore it constantly.

Angelo had explained, when he and Jason were in Lila's house that afternoon, that the lovers weren't always happy together. The story Jason read now was proof enough of that. Weeks of quiet Darby-and-Joan peace, when it seemed that their relationship was developing into a mutually satisfactory friendship, were followed by wild outbursts of wrangling. Lila grew jealous of Dinny's every minute. His irritation at her mannerisms magnified them. He grew to hate her slender imperious hands, and found himself flinching from sheer nervous testiness when she touched him.

There were long periods when he would not see her, and at one of these times he met little Primrose Evans. A sweet kid, he called her, and found happiness in being pleasant to her. Lila, recovering Dinny by a ruse which worked though it did not deceive him, tried to ridicule Primrose, and he set it down against her in the diary. He was finding a rare comfort in the adoration Primrose gave him, and neither Lila nor Angelo nor Aunt Hat was allowed to question him about her.

One of the girls at Woolworth's, where Primrose worked, came flaunting a diamond engagement ring. Primrose naïvely talked of it all that evening, and the next morning Dinny ordered for her a copy of the miniature Chalet in jewels. It was finished and ready the day they drove down to the Chalet together.

"I had to explain that she'd have had the thing anyhow," wrote Dinny. "The troubled little creature wouldn't take it at first. . . . I'll be good to her. She'll never be sorry."

("Call on Primrose tonight," was Jason's mental note. "Angelo will probably know her address.")

For two years the story of Primrose ran side by side with the story of Lila, like harmony and counterpoint on a sheet of music. Primrose brought Dinny a quiet content. Lila gave him mental stimulation. ("She has the most wide-awake mind I've ever met, the sharpest appreciation of beauty.") She gave him heights and abysses of feeling. She gave him a mounting sense of irritation, a desperate longing to be free.

Once more, on New Year's Day 1930, he promised himself never to see Lila again. That was the day when he met Mary Van Winkle, the startlingly wide-awake young person whom everybody called "Rip."

"Dinner will be ready in ten minutes," said Aunt Harriet, opening the linen-room door. "You'd better put those books away and get washed. Angelo has been down to the depot again. They found out that Lila Gibson's trunks were checked to Reno, Nevada, and not to New York at all. And she had a ticket to Reno and a Pullman, too. Looks to me as if she were going to get a divorce. Why?"

. . . . .

"Prithee, pretty maiden,"

hummed Jason Jones as he guided his Ford over the James Street car tracks,

"I would fain discover
If you have a lover,
Hey willow Wally O!

"Twelve forty-two. That's it. The devil—a hydrant!" Two deft turns brought the Ford into place beyond a parked delivery car, and he walked back past a market whose open door emitted the odor of chopping block, sawdust, and sausage into an evening air that should have carried only the fragrance of green growing things. But, in this city where quiet houses folded their lawns about them and elm trees touched lovingly high over the streets, this block was as nude and gross as an Epstein figure.

Number 1242 was a weather-worn "two-family" structure. Jason Jones knew the type well. The flats were identical: porches across the entire front, with couch swings hung by chains from the roof, rocking-chairs whose chipped green paint revealed the fact that they had once been mahogany-stained for living-room use and whose faded cretonne cushions had seen not only many days of sun but rain as well; the living room would be furnished with its three-piece set, radio, and enormous floor lamp hideously topped with a shade of crêpe de Chine and tassels, a cheap print of Watts's Hope hung over the davenport.

SO this was the ground from which Primrose Evans had sprung—an odd soil indeed to produce charms for the attention of fastidious Dinny.

Jason pushed the bell. After a moment of audible scurrying, a faded woman of forty-five came and spoke to him through the screen door, twitching her skirt into place in one last effort at appearing presentable. For a single instant Jason had a moment of panic. What was he doing here? It was really no affair of his, accosting strange people with prying questions. Nothing could now restore Dinny to his amazing vitality of body and spirit.

It was only an instant, however, before that mousing instinct of his asserted its claim and he answered the agitated "Good evening."

"Good evening," he said. "Is Miss Primrose Evans at home?"

"She's laying down. I'm her mother." Her lower lip was trem-

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bling. "What is it that you want to see Rose for?"

"I'm Jason Jones, a friend of Dr. O'Day's. I wanted to see Miss Primrose for a minute or two."

Mrs. Evans burst into tears. "Oh, this is terrible, terrible! You're from the police! Rose can't tell you anything. She didn't have anything to do with it!"

"She didn't have anything to do with what?"

"With Dr. Dinny's being killed." Mrs. Evans was wringing her hands frantically.

A thin, slightly stooped, suspendered figure appeared beside her.

"Oh, pa!" she wailed. "He's from the police and wants to see Rose."

"No." Jason addressed the man now. "I'm not from the police. Mrs. Evans misunderstood me. My name is Jones. I'm a friend of Dr. O'Day's. I want to ask your daughter only a question or two."

"Well, Rose was kind of upset hearing about Dr. O'Day and she's laying down," her father explained, opening the screen door. "Don't be nervous, mom. We ain't got nothing to be afraid of. Let's go out on the porch and sit down, and we can tell the gentleman anything he wants to know."

"She always does mind the heat," he explained to Jason.

Mrs. Evans's tears abated somewhat now that "one of the men of the family" was at the helm. She went to the swing and the two men seated themselves in porch chairs, which were, Jason found, even more uncomfortable than they looked.

Mr. Evans, weary and ineffectual-looking as he was, tried to take command of the situation. "Rose didn't have nothing to do with it," he explained. "She was right at home here last night—right in bed. Rose is a good girl. She ain't never caused us a bit of trouble. Went to work just as soon as she could leave school (that was four years ago) and she's worked steady ever since. In the same place, too—the ten-cent store. Of course they don't pay much, but she dresses herself and has her own spending money, and I guess I can board my own family anyways."

The pride of the male in his home and flock were in those last words.

"It's very clever of her to have kept her job through these days," Jason agreed. "I wanted to see Miss Primrose for only a minute or two, but perhaps I'd better come back later if she is too ill to see me now."

Mr. Evans looked worried. He didn't like the idea of Jason's coming back, asking Primrose questions. And Mrs. Evans was quickly on the defensive: "Rose don't know anything to tell you. She was at home in bed last night like we said. She didn't even know about Dr. Dinny's death until some one came in the five-and-ten in the middle of the afternoon and told a girl at one of the other counters. And then she came home early. She didn't take on any at all. She was just quiet, just awful quiet, and said her head felt queer. She didn't eat anything but went in and lay down on her bed."

Mrs. Evans took one quick breath and continued her recital:

"Rose wouldn't even ever of known Dr. Dinny excepting that he was called at the machine shop that time Mr. Evans got burned. Mr. Evans is a molder," she explained to Jason, "and he's never had an accident but just that once."

"Were you seriously hurt?" Jason asked interestedly.

"WELL, my leg and foot were in bad shape for two-three months. You get a bad burn from running metal, you know. I had a new helper."

Jason smiled understandingly. "It's no place for a careless workman." His tone conferred due respect to Mr. Evans's ability as a master molder. "Foundries are stirring places," he continued. "I used to go and watch the pouring in a little place where they made gas cocks when I was a boy. The excitement of that changing color and heat get into one's blood. How long ago was it that you were burned?"

Mrs. Evans could "see a hole through a ladder."

"It was four years ago," she snapped.

Irritation at Jason's still being there had dried her tears. She never realized that it was her own loquaciousness that was supplying the information that Jason wished to obtain.

"He used to come to see Mr. Evans around noon and then would take Rose back to work after lunch. Dr. Dinny was a perfect gentleman," she affirmed. "He was easy as could be changing Mr. Evans's dressings, and so polite and nice to me! I didn't see any reason why Rose shouldn't go out with him. I always liked Dr. Dinny! Those who choose to can believe stories about him. I don't."

There was an intangible something in back of those last words.

Whom were they directed at? Her husband? Jason doubted that, somehow. Yet he was sure that there *was* something in that tone. Did she really know anything definite? Exactly what stories about Dinny were in common circulation?

But even that apparent finality didn't really abate her volubility, for she had an afterthought: "But I'm sure I don't know why he had to go and get killed, and have Rose so upset—not crying at all in the way any one else would, but just so unnatural and quiet."

Mrs. Evans felt that the duty of compensating her daughter's lack of tears devolved upon her. She was beginning to accept her appointed task when a worn car yanked to a stop in front of the house and a rather shabby slouching youth gave a slurred "I'll be seeing you" and came up the steps as the car drove on.

AT the sight of a stranger on the porch he shed his pose of world-weariness as a second-rate actor sheds a rôle in the wings, became conscious of his shabbiness, wary and a little defiant.

Jason had a moment to study him. He was a replica of Mr. Evans, slight, indeterminate in coloring; a son, of course. No, not the same as the elder.

The father's quiet sensibility was lacking in the youth. Doomed to just as ineffectual a life, but without the placid resignation of the older man—like the mother in character—an inbred restlessness burned deep in the pale gray eyes.

"Hello." It was a mixture of gruffness to his father and question toward Jason. "What's the matter, mom?"

Mr. Evans made the explanations. "Mr. Jones, this is my son Llewellyn. Mr. Jones is a friend of Dr. O'Day's. He wanted to see Rose, but she ain't feeling so good."

Jason arose to shake hands, but found himself bitterly ignored while the son demanded of his father: "What does he want to see Rose for? Why didn't you kick him out? We've had enough of the O'Days and all their tribe!"

"Llewellyn!" Mrs. Evans was properly indignant at the uncalled-for rudeness Jason was receiving. "That's a terrible thing to be saying, with Dr. Dinny dead and not even in his grave yet!"

"Oh, yeah? You thought he was a swell guy, with his smiles, and his smooth way of talking, and his sending Rose presents and you flowers on your birthday. But I knew all about him! I knew what they called him! 'Dr. Diabolo.' 'Dr. Angelo and Dr. Diabolo O'Day'—that's what the nobs called the pair of them behind their backs! Yeah! And it's Dago talk, because when Wops say diabolo they mean devil. And that's all he was, too, just a dirty devil! I told Rose a long time ago that if she didn't lay off him I'd knock her for a goal. Well, somebody knocked *him* for a goal last night!"

Mr. Evans made a stern effort to stem his son's violent speech:

"Llewellyn, be still!"

He turned to Jason. "He didn't like Rose to go out with Dr. O'Day because he was afraid people would talk, the doctor being from Genesee Street and all that, and we being just working-people."

"I see, Mr. Evans. But I was under the impression that Dr. Dennis O'Day's death might have been accidental."

Jason's tones were cold and were directed toward Llewellyn provocatively.

"Oh, yeah?" he sneered. "Well, who are *you,* anyway? What do you want here? Say, I've got your number. You're a reporter! Well, we ain't got anything for you to print in your filthy rag about us, along with your story of Dr. Diabolo O'Day!"

"I am not a reporter but am a friend of Dr. O'Day's, as I said before." Jason decided to puncture that insolence. "If you don't believe that Dr. O'Day's death was accidental, perhaps you could give me some information about it. First of all, I'd like to know where you were this morning at three o'clock."

The question fell like a bomb on the porch.

Jason Jones seems to have struck a hot lead in his quest for the murderer of his exotic friend Dr. Dinny O'Day. The shock his question produced on the Evans family promises sinister revelations. Don't miss next week's installment. It throws a startling new light on the mystery.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How much does an average adult human skeleton weigh?

2—What Canadian river is navigable for 1,200 miles without obstruction?

3—Who said "Every man has his price"?

4—In the British coat of arms what three flowers appear to be growing on one stalk?

5—Where was Mozart, the musician, buried?

6—How much larger is Canada than the continental United States?

7—What is the Witwatersrand?

8—Where is the village of Hell?

9—Which state Capitol is almost identical in design with the national Capitol?

10—What is classified as a "town" in the New England states?

11—Who was Oronhyatekha?

12—What day in November was once celebrated as "a Day of Thanksgiving" in English churches?

13—What United States stamp shows a picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence?

14—An epistaxis is what?

15—What two men, each representing a major political party of the United States, ran unsuccessfully as Presidential candidates three times?

16—How many telephones are there in the world?

17—What country once issued a stamp with the picture of a dog on it?

18—Who is the author of "Cleanliness is next to godliness"?

19—An instrument for recording the revolutions of a wheel is called what?

20—How many different varieties of oaks (trees and shrubs) are recognized?

(Answers will be found on page 54)

LIVER JUICE
STOMACH JUICE
PANCREATIC JUICE
INTESTINAL JUICE

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Constipation, Indigestion and related Skin Troubles corrected much sooner. (New Vitamin A checks colds!)

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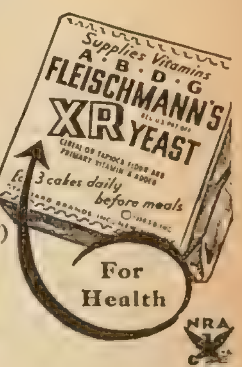

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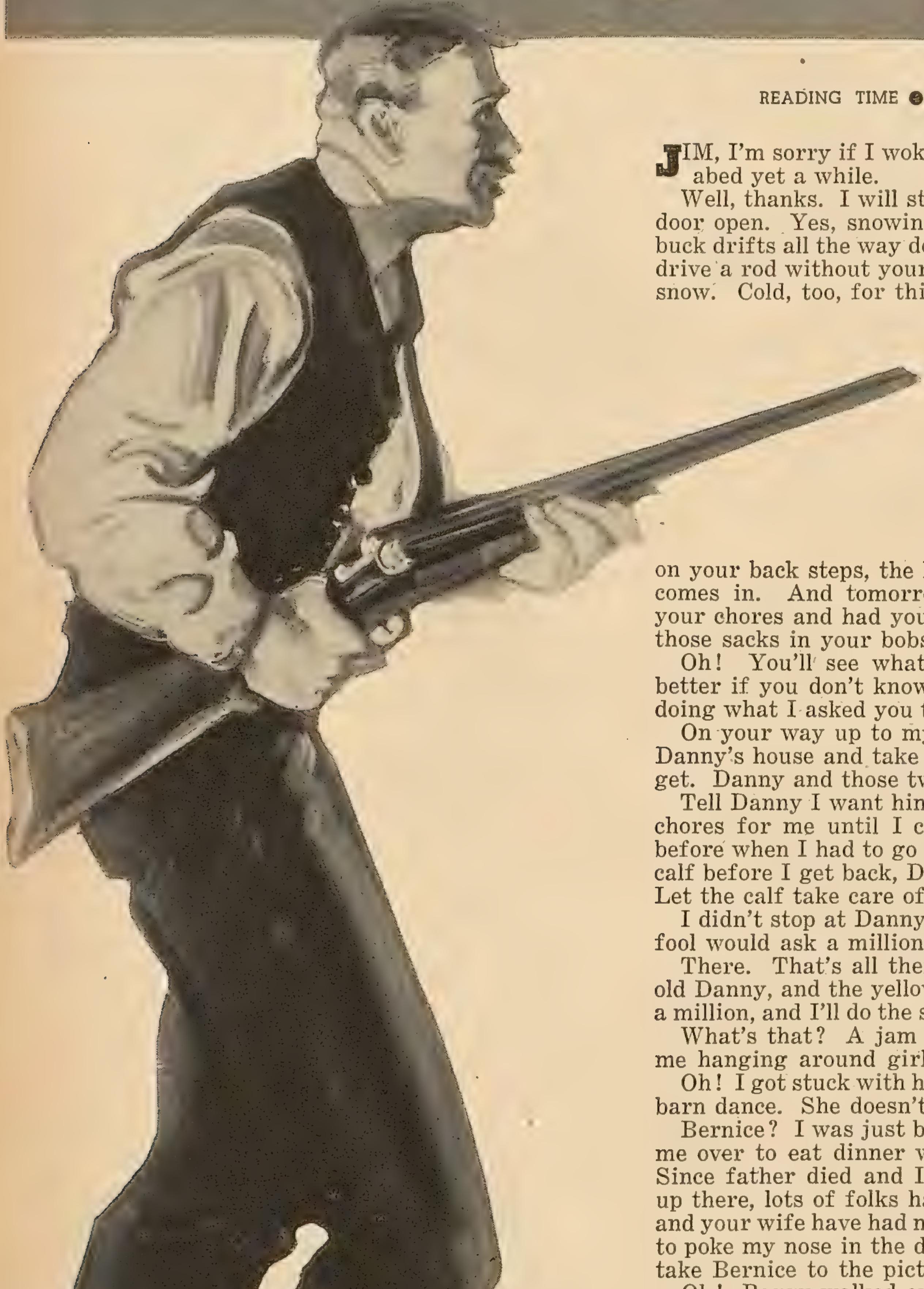
Sugar



READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

JIM, I'm sorry if I woke you up. I didn't think you'd be abed yet a while.

Well, thanks. I will step in. You'll catch cold with the door open. Yes, snowing, and blowing too. I've had to buck drifts all the way down from my place. You couldn't drive a rod without your chains on. It's a regular sugar snow. Cold, too, for this time of year.

I'm going away for a few days, Jim. I wondered if you'd do me a favor. Thanks. Thanks a lot.

Well, I don't want to tell you where I'm going. No, I'm not going away because I'm in any trouble. I'm going away to avoid trouble.

Now. Here's what I want. I dropped two big gunny sacks on your back steps, the kind of sacks that brewers' feed comes in. And tomorrow morning, after you've done your chores and had your breakfast, I wish you'd throw those sacks in your bobsleigh and drive up to my place.

Oh! You'll see what's in the sacks tomorrow. It's better if you don't know now. You can say you're only doing what I asked you to.

On your way up to my place, I wish you'd stop at old Danny's house and take him along with you. Don't forget. Danny and those two gunny sacks.

Tell Danny I want him to look after things and do my chores for me until I come back. He's helped me out before when I had to go away. If the yellow cow has her calf before I get back, Danny needn't bother to milk her. Let the calf take care of her.

I didn't stop at Danny's myself because I knew the old fool would ask a million questions.

There. That's all there is to it, Jim. The two sacks, old Danny, and the yellow cow if she does calve. Thanks a million, and I'll do the same for you any time. Good-by.

What's that? A jam over a woman? You never saw me hanging around girls in your life.

Oh! I got stuck with her on a blind date at Ted Fisher's barn dance. She doesn't count.

Bernice? I was just being polite because her folks ask me over to eat dinner with them nearly every Sunday. Since father died and I've been keeping bachelor's hall up there, lots of folks have asked me out to meals. You and your wife have had me down here until I was ashamed to poke my nose in the door. The least I could do was to take Bernice to the pictures now and then.

Oh! Peggy walked over cross lots on an errand from her father that evening. His sheep were out and he wondered if I'd seen them. I drove her home, that's all.

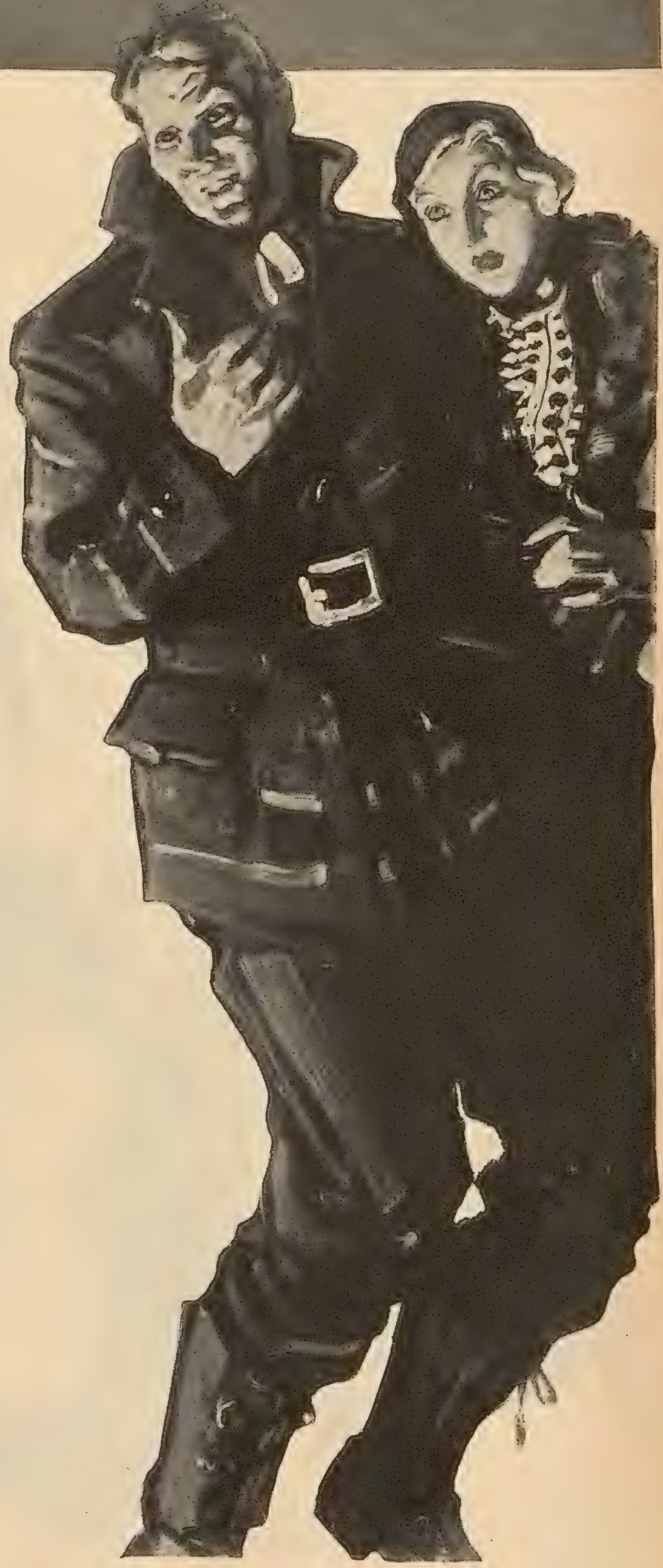
I don't remember her at all. What did she look like? Tall girl who giggled? I can't place her. You must have me confused with some one else.

Mr. Newberry met us with a loaded shotgun in his hands. As if

Snow

by GEORGE S. BROOKS

Illustrated by CHARLES DE FEO



Good night, Jim. Sorry to get you up this way. Tell your wife I beg her pardon for disturbing you.

No; I mustn't waste another minute. We've got a long drive.

Did I say "we"? A slip of the tongue.

Jim. Stop it! I don't want you to.

You might cause me a lot of trouble if you looked in my car right now.

Well, have it your own way. Yes, there is some one waiting for me out there. And they'll be frozen stiff.

She'll be frozen stiff, then. Now you know. I hope you're satisfied.

I'm taking her home. I promised to get her there before daylight, so she can ease in without being caught.

No. It's not Bernice. Nor Peggy. Nor the tall one that giggled. You've seen her but you don't know her. Well, maybe you know her. No, she doesn't live anywhere near here. Not in the winter time. That's why I've been trying to get started. We have a cussed long drive.

Of course I trust you. It's Charlotte Newberry.

Sure. Edwin Henry Newberry's daughter.

What of it? Suppose her folks have a lot of money. Charlotte can still like me, can't she? Why should I be repulsive to a rich girl?

The Newberrys have been over at the lake every summer except the vacations when her mother took Charlotte abroad.

We grew up together. Charlotte's mother thinks I'm just the boy who sells broilers to them all summer, and fresh eggs. If she'd ever seen me kissing Charlotte, Mrs. Newberry would have had a stroke. It's been hard figuring, sometimes, for us to have a minute together. That's why Charlotte bought her saddle horse and hired his board at my place. It gave her an excuse to come over to my farm and for me to go to the Newberrys'. When we corresponded with each other, we had the alibi that it was about the horse.

NOW Jim, you know all about it, and I must be shoving off. What will your wife think? You can't huddle around that chunk stove forever.

Do just what I say, or there might be a terrible scandal. Charlotte and I might be caught.

By Charlotte's father, of course. He'd kill me. I happen to know there's a loaded gun—

Well, you see, her family gave her a list of eligible men, and of course, being a hill-billy farmer, I wasn't on it. That's the reason why Charlotte and I couldn't get married. She's been under age. And the trust fund her grandfather left her—she would have lost that if she'd married contrary to her folks' wishes.

What's that? Why, she got in my car up at my place.

Yes, she's been at my house since Tuesday.

No, we're not married. Do you think I'd go to all this trouble if we were? I'd tell you to get dressed and I'd take you out and present you to my wife.

You see, I met her at the Junction Tuesday. She came out by train. Her excuse was that she wanted to see

ere were anything wrong in a little loving done in a nice way!

maple sugar made. I mean her excuse to her family. That's why I tapped the old sugar bush this spring. I'll never bother with it again, either. You don't get enough out of it to pay you for your trouble.

But I'm not kicking. The sugar bush served its purpose. It got Charlotte up here for three days.

She couldn't have managed it if her father hadn't been the kind of man he is.

Did you ever talk with the old gentleman? No? Well, Jim, he's an investment banker. He has his own money in government bonds, and on the side he speculates with his clients' money. It's a nice business to be in. Short hours and no risk.

But the one thing that a man like Mr. Newberry can't resist is an opportunity to give advice. So Charlotte worked on him from that angle. She had me send her five pounds of stirred sugar, that I bought from Mrs. Ethan Paige, who makes the best anywhere around.

Just as soon as the old gentleman tasted it, he said it was too bad that young Ely—that's me, of course—didn't understand packaging and marketing his product. He told Charlotte that I had a great future in the maple-sugar business if only I was smart enough to sell by modern methods.

That was Charlotte's opening. She told him it was his duty, because I'd been so good about taking care of her riding horse and so forth, to show me where I was making my big mistake. And Charlotte said she wanted to see a sugar bush in operation, anyway. She'd never been in the country when trees were being tapped.

So the old gentleman wrote me about what he was willing to do for me, helping me get a nice business started. He said he'd do the hard part, which was thinking up a trade name. He was going to leave the details, like cutting the wood and hauling the sap and tending the fire and stirring the kettles, to me.

I wrote back inviting them to come up and camp at my place while we set up this industry. So Charlotte hectored her father until he brought her.

WHY, of course her father came with her! Do you think I'd ask a poor defenseless girl to stay alone with me at my farm?

That's all there is to it. I met them at the Junction Tuesday. Charlotte, and her father along with her.

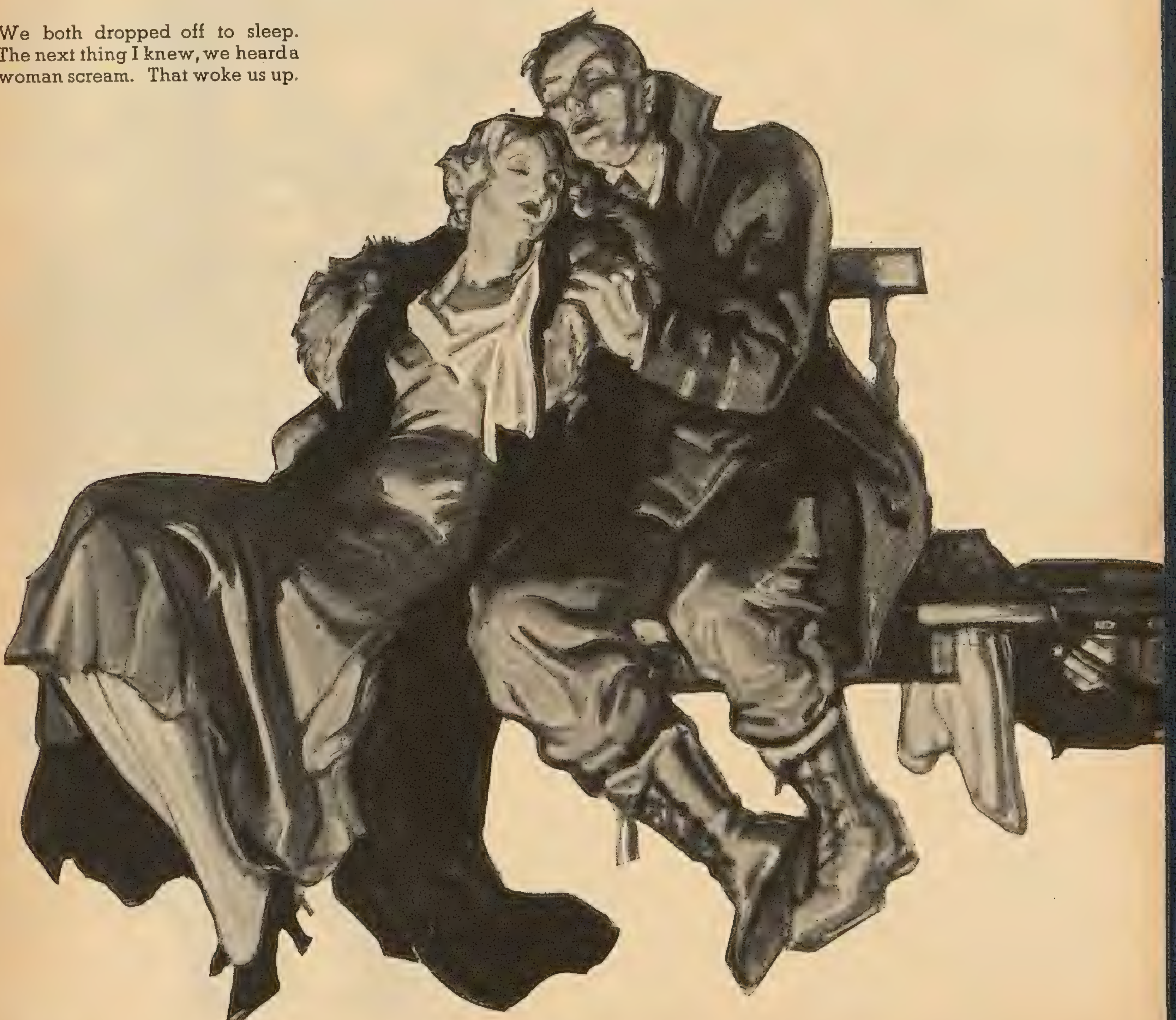
No, he's not with her now. We got rid of him.

We had to get rid of him. There wasn't any other way out. He caught us.

That's why I asked you to take those sacks up to my place tomorrow morning, after we've had ten hours' start making our get-away.

Lord help us! Do I look like a man who'd kill Charlotte's father and cut up his body and put it into two sacks? Is Charlotte Newberry a girl who'd help me murder her old man?

She's so tender-hearted she never let me point out the chickens I was going to kill for their Sunday dinner.



We both dropped off to sleep. The next thing I knew, we heard a woman scream. That woke us up.

We haven't harmed Mr. Newberry —except perhaps his feelings.

They came Tuesday afternoon, as I said. I gave them a dandy supper, broiled home-cured ham and baked potatoes. I'm not such a bad cook when I let myself go. Charlotte and I didn't eat much, because we are in love. That seems to deaden your hankering for food. But you should have seen the meal Mr. Newberry put inside him.

Then he gave me a little lecture upon initiative and vision. I was to start a packing house and sell home-cured hams along with my maple sugar. Of course he didn't go into the price I would have to ask for the pork if I was paid for the three weeks I spend smoking it. He advised me to package and market northern spy apples for baking, just like the apple I gave him for dessert. He was going to invent a container for me, too, so I could ship thick Jersey cream to the city, parcel post, to eat on the baking apples I'd sold. He didn't say who would stand the bottle breakage or how I would get around the municipal inspection of milk products.

He seemed to neglect the fact that my farm's six miles from the railroad, and he gave me an idea of how I could lay it out like a regular model stockyards. There was practically nothing left for me to see to, except engage a firm of accountants to figure out my corporation tax.

It surprised him that a farmhouse could have steam heat and a bathroom. He kept telling me I ought to get married. He said a wife would be company for me. He even asked Charlotte if she didn't think so. Charlotte agreed that she did.

Eventually, being full of broiled ham, potato, cherry wine, baked apple with thick cream, and fresh doughnuts that Bernice had brought over to me, not knowing I had company, Mr. Newberry dropped off to sleep in his chair beside the fireplace. Charlotte and I tiptoed out to the kitchen and had the evening to ourselves until he waked up again.

When you're in love, Jim, three hours with a girl is only an appetizer for more. At least that's the way we found it. So Charlotte suggested that, when we all went to bed, she and I would only pretend to go to bed. We would listen until we heard her father snore, when we'd sneak out in front of the fireplace. If we heard him stop snoring, we could scatter to our rooms.

I thought it would be my luck if he had insomnia that night and never snored at all.

But luckily he did. How we kept awake all day yesterday and most of today, without any sleep to speak of, is something I can't explain. I suppose when you are in desperate love you don't have time for sleep.

It must be that bankers aren't very acute in their observations. Every minute I feared Charlotte's father would suspect that something was going on between us. But right up to the time when we were caught in the act, he never tumbled at all.

He was very much taken up originating a catchy trade name that could be copyrighted. That's a hard thing to do, because the name had to have the word gold in it. Mr. Newberry says the nation is hyperconscious of gold these days. If you could call the sugar Maple-Gold, for instance, your success would be practically assured.

Right after breakfast this morning we took Mr. Newberry to the maple bush, so he could see how the trees were tapped and the sap boiled down.

As you know, it was thawing this morning. Mr. Newberry wet his feet in the woods. So this afternoon he suggested staying in the house and working on the trade name while his shoes dried.

Charlotte and I had rather counted on his doing just that. So we neglected to fit him out with overshoes before taking him to the woods.

It gave us the afternoon to ourselves, free from interruptions.

We left Mr. Newberry in the big armchair by the fireplace, toasting his stocking feet. We placed a pitcher of three-year-old cherry wine beside him in case he got thirsty. "Go right along about your work," he told me. "Charlotte might just as well go with you, if she's interested. I'll think better if I'm absolutely quiet. After all, your organization and marketing problems are the places where I can help you best."

I took the precaution of cutting the

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telephone wires before we left, so Mr. Newberry would not be disturbed by the ringing.

I have a slat bench in the sugar house. Charlotte and I sat upon it, gazing into the fire. It had begun to blow and snow outside.

Her head was on my shoulder. We spoke about how we wished we could stay there forever. At times we kissed each other. We shut our eyes when we kissed, opening them a little now and then to make sure that each one was the other one.

We talked some about the list of eligible men that Charlotte's family wanted her to marry one of. She told me why she didn't like this one or that one, and that she did like me because I am so different from any of them. But she had heard malicious gossip about me—from her mother's cook, I guess. The story has been spread around that I'm real handy with girls. Folks say it in a tone of voice, too.

It's not true, Jim. I'm just good-natured in that I give them their way. I'm a man who naturally likes girls and I can't bear to see one disappointed.

In order to get her away from the topic of the girls I've known, I twitted her a little about one of the eligible men. It's a peculiar thing, but I happened to know Ken Macaulay.

MY last year in Ag College, we played the University. This Ken Macaulay was their left halfback. Before the game started, I had a little feeling against him, on account of Charlotte. It seemed to me that he had all the gravy: a rich old gentleman for a father and invitations from Charlotte's mother. And once, when he was spending August there, Charlotte introduced me to Macaulay when I delivered the fresh eggs to the back door. Within my hearing he said to Charlotte, "Too bad that young farmer isn't a football player, although he's probably too slow."

So I entered the game with the idea of showing him that I was off my crutches. I prayed for him to start carrying the ball around my end, which he did. In fact he made a touchdown around my end. Ever since then I've been hoping to get even with him, for he wouldn't have done it if their interfering back hadn't held me instead of blocking me. But the referee didn't notice the holding.

I told Charlotte this, mostly to keep her thoughts away from my other girls. "Honey," she said, "I think you're even now. You're doing a little holding yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes, darling. I've got you on the ten-yard line and I'll hold you until you have to kick."

She has a dandy sense of humor. "I won't kick if you hold me, Chuck. But I won't let you substitute."

"I'm going to hold you for downs."

"No, darling. For keeps," said Charlotte.

As I explained to you, Charlotte and I hadn't had any sleep worth mentioning for two nights, while we'd been sitting up with each other. There we were, snug and happy in the sugar house, with this sugar snow swirling and drifting outside, the wind sighing through the trees and the sugar pans simmering over the wood coals. It was a sugary place, Jim.

So after a while we didn't talk any more. It wasn't necessary. I held her, and she liked being held. I'm not saying we should have done so; but we both dropped off to sleep.

The next thing I knew, we heard a woman scream. That woke us up; but we couldn't rise at once, because Charlotte and I were so involved. My right arm was around her to support her head upon my shoulder, but it had gone to sleep and was useless.

Not to keep you in suspense, Jim, although we were in suspense ourselves to know who had opened the door, screamed, and slammed the door again, it was Bernice. I knew that because I found a warm apple pie in the snow outside the door and a woman's footprints.

I take it that Bernice had baked an apple pie for me because she has done that before, being sorry for me living alone as I have been. She'd brought the pie down to the sugar house because she has met me there on other occasions.

It was probably such a surprise and shock to her, when she opened the door and found Charlotte and me asleep in each other's arms, that she lost control of herself and dropped or threw the pie into the snow.

Be that as it may, Charlotte and I lost a good bit of time after the interruption, because I had to explain who Bernice is and why Bernice was coming to the sugar house.

It's a funny thing. A woman will give a man the benefit of the doubt sometimes, but when there's another woman involved she won't give you a chance to apologize.

I CALMED Charlotte as quickly as possible. Then we hurried to the house. Bernice was there ahead of us. She'd turned hysterical and gone in the back door to use the telephone. Of course she'd found Mr. Newberry, who was greatly aroused when she told him what she'd seen.

Mr. Newberry met us with a loaded shotgun in his hands, threatening to shoot his way out, as if I'd been holding him a prisoner there while I wronged his daughter. That's what he called it, wronging his daughter. As if there were anything wrong in a little loving done in a nice way! I tried to be humorous about it, thinking he would regain his balance and sense of proportion. I told him she had wronged me also and two wrongs made a right. It's a wonder he didn't blow my head off.

Bernice hung around there long enough to get the general drift of his remarks. Then she beat it for home, quite satisfied she was even with me.

Mr. Newberry held me there, at the muzzle of the shotgun, for a long, long time, while he told me what he thought of me.

Meanwhile, I'd noticed Charlotte was very busy about the house, but I didn't realize what she was doing because I was afraid if I so much as looked toward her to see I would be killed right there on the living-room floor. Her father, I repeat, was claiming all my attention.

Suddenly Charlotte opened the back door and then yelled, " Get the gun away from him! " as if there were a fourth person in the house. Mr. Newberry looked around to see who was behind him, and Charlotte called, " Run, darling. Run! "

So I ran for the barn, with Charlotte running behind me. She realized that, while her father would probably be glad of a chance to shoot me in the back, he would hesitate before he served her the same way.

" We've got him! " said Charlotte, when we reached the barn. " It's lucky you cut the phone wires."

" What do you mean, we've got him? "

" Why," said she, " he's in the house and he can't get out. And if he can't get out before morning, we're safe."

" We can be further away by tomorrow morning," I replied. " But so can he."

" Darling," said Charlotte, kissing me—" don't you know that tomorrow is my birthday? "

Yes, of course I knew that, because they'd planned to go back home on account of her birthday.

" Tomorrow I'm going to have you for my birthday present," she told me. " You see, I'll be twenty-one years old tomorrow. And if my parents do not disapprove of anything I've done before I'm twenty-one I get all that money grandfather left for me in that trust fund.

" That's why I've had to be so careful about letting father and mother know about us, honey. That we love each other, I mean."

" Gosh, Charlotte! " was all I could say. " Gosh, I wish we'd been more careful."

" If father doesn't make any objection to my conduct," she went on, " the money's ours. And since he can't get away from here before morning, we'll get a lawyer the first thing, go to the trustees and the surrogate, and I'll claim my money. If there isn't any protest they'll have to give it to me. That's common sense. Then we can be married."

" Yes," I replied, feeling very low about that trust fund. " But is he going to stay here until morning when he sees us drive out? "

" He'll stay," she asserted.

" Why will he stay here, when he can walk to the neighbors'? "

Charlotte smiled. " Because, sugar bush, perhaps you didn't notice, but he's still in his stocking feet. And while he was abusing you, you poor lamb, I gathered up every pair of shoes and overshoes and boots and bedroom slippers I found in the house, and put them in two brown bags in the back of your car."

" You did that for me, Charlotte? "

" Yes, honey. I did it for us. And you can take my word for it that father would see me commit bigamy before he would walk to the neighbors' or anywhere else in his stocking feet through a snowstorm like this."

So, Jim, that's why I want you to wait until after eight o'clock tomorrow morning before you take those two brewers' feed sacks of footwear up to my place. Our happiness is in your hands, Jim.

We reckon that by the time he finds his shoes and rubbers and reaches a telephone, Charlotte and I will be married and have a lawyer at the surrogate's court to get her inheritance for us, and be ready to start upon our honeymoon. We expect to reach the city before daylight.

Charlotte will let herself into her house and sneak out her baggage without waking her mother, and then we'll go straight to the lawyer's.

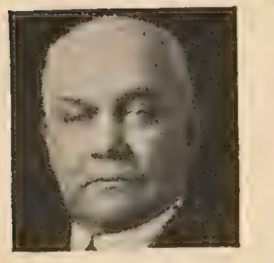
Thanks, Jim. I knew we could depend on you. We'll call you long distance, at this time tomorrow night from wherever we may be, to find out what Mr. Newberry tells you and how he acts when you release him.

Charlotte and I are very curious to know how he takes it.

But, gee! I'll bet Charlotte is awful cold out there, waiting for me!

THE END

H. W. PHELPS to Speak on Broadcast of Liberty Forum on November 22



H. W. Phelps, president of the American Can Company, will be Liberty's guest speaker on the Forum of Liberty broadcast on Thursday, November 22. A nationally recognized authority on foods and food preservation, he will speak on phases of his industry of vital importance not only to food canners but to every consumer who uses canned goods on his table.

Mr. Phelps was born in Lewistown, Illinois, in 1863. He was educated at Lake Forest Academy, Carroll Academy, and Williams College. At Williams he was a noted track man. His first connection with the can industry was in 1887 as a member of the firm of Ranney & Phelps. He joined the American Can Company in 1901 as sales manager in Chicago, and held various positions until his election as president in 1923.

In addition to Mr. Phelps, Edwin C. Hill, Liberty's commentator, will contribute a stirring narrative, there will be music by Edward Nell, barytone, and an orchestra directed by Arnold Johnson.

The program will be broadcast at 8.30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over these stations: Akron, WADC; Albany, WOKO; Baltimore, WCAO; Boston, WNAC; Buffalo, WGR; Chicago, WBBM; Cincinnati, WKRC; Cleveland, WHK; Detroit-Windsor, CKLW; Fort Wayne, WOWO; Hartford, WDRC; Indianapolis, WFBM; Kansas City, KMBC; Louisville, WHAS; New York City, WABC; Philadelphia, WCAU; Pittsburgh, WJAS; Providence, WEAN; St. Louis, KMOX; Syracuse, WFBL; Toledo, WSPD; Washington, WJSV.

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Hell Riders

The "Prophet's" Beard . . . A Running Fight with Brigands . . . Damsels in Distress—and Glad of It!

Continuing a Stirring Saga of the Desert Patrol

by W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO

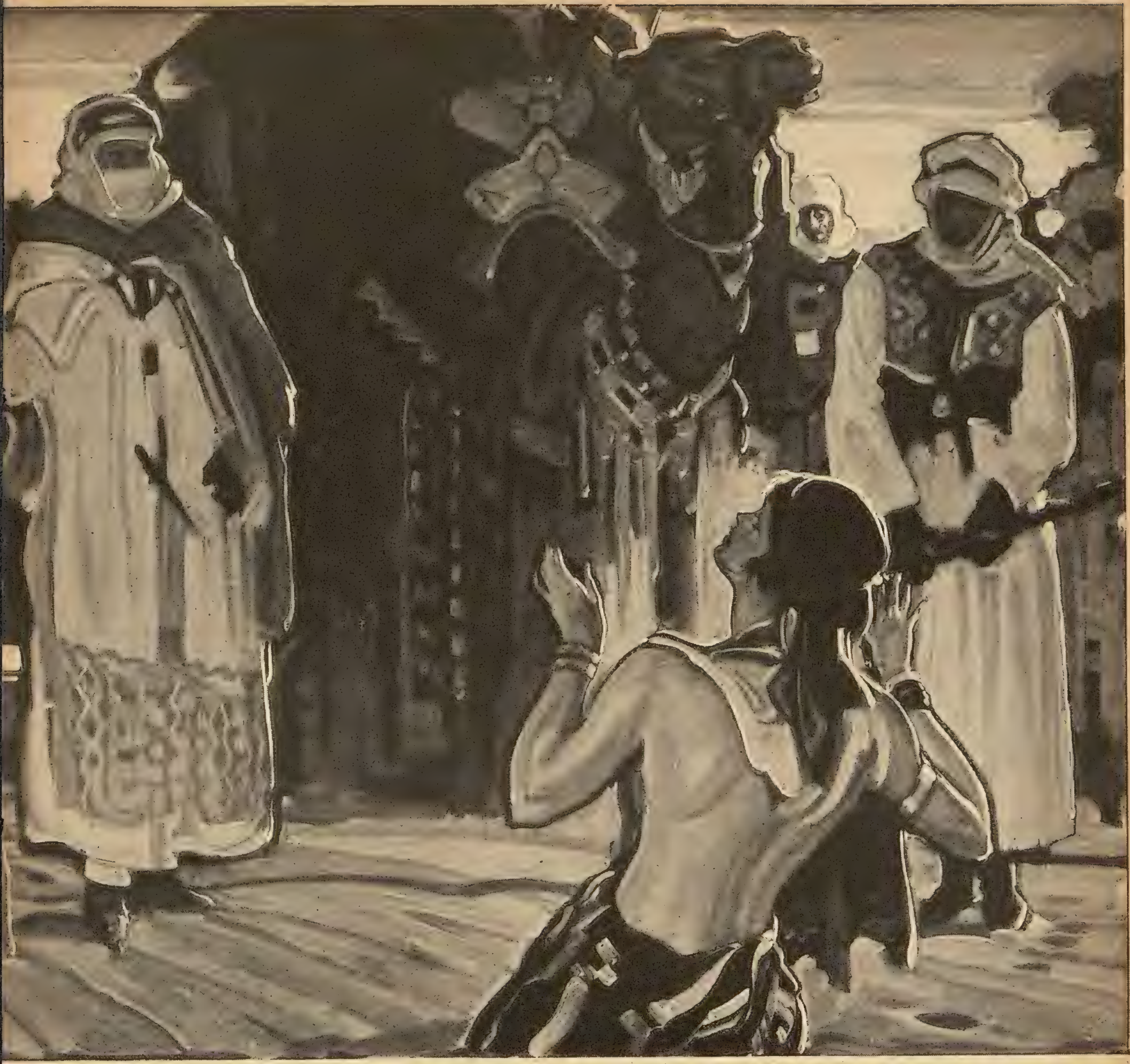
Away we raced after the others. We were not anxious to fire upon helpless women.

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN this series Mr. Blackledge lets Digger Craven tell of his own adventures with the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol, a unit of the British police force in northern Arabia. Deserting from the Foreign Legion, Digger and his friends Armstrong and Gyppo were lucky enough to fall in with members of this force and to be invited to join up. Armstrong soon became Skipper of the Fourteenth Patrol.

A young American, Bain, joined it during its hunt for a gang of native gun runners and was able to put the Skipper on their trail. As Digger told in last week's installment, Armstrong, posing as a Bedouin leader, was conducted with his men to the gang's fortress and armory. There a battle royal was fought and the gun runners were made prisoners.

It was Digger himself who spotted the next lawless outfit the patrol went after. In



Rising from the dust, she advanced toward the camel of the "prophet," hands outstretched, a beautiful figure in rags.

Bagdad he noticed a native whose blackened mouth betrayed him as a cultivator of the cocaine plant. Sending Gyppo to tell Armstrong, he followed this man, and in a dark alley he was slugged from behind. He came to his senses in the home of the cocaine ring's queen, outside the city. She was an alluring but tigerish creature calling herself Mme. Olga Radnowitz. She tempted Digger; but when she caught him heliographing from the housetop, she had him tied up and menaced him with a knife until he fainted. His comrades arrived just in time to rescue him. Olga, however, got away.

PART THREE — A DESERT DELILAH AND THE "SHEIK COMPLEX"

MURAD ALI KHAN IBN RAAD, agitator and seditionist, had troubled the Eastern world for a year or two before he came into the ken of the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol and its leader, Skipper Armstrong.

The patrol always got their man, and they got Raad, despite the fact that a corps of Secret Service agents representing a dozen nationalities with interests in the East had tried in vain to trap him.

Raad, the self-styled Messiah of Mohammed, had been stumping Moslem country with the avowed intention of creating a rising through Africa, Arabia, and India. He had lately been at work in Morocco, Alexandria, Port Said, Beirut, and that hotbed of the faith, Damascus.

We had learned that this fanatic professing to be carrying the mantle of Mohammed had left Damascus for Bagdad. His years of activity were to culminate there in a gigantic Islamic revolution. He was to accomplish it by fanning the flame that is lit once a year in all Moslem cities when the great Feast of Muharram is celebrated.

The Feast of Muharram is a barbaric affair that takes place in the open streets. For ten days and ten nights the devotees of Imam Hussein Ali, grandson of Mohammed, parade the open thoroughfares, praying, singing, chanting, beating themselves with chains, and generally working up to the required state of abject devotion for the Feast in the mosques.

We had news at Ramadi that Raad was crossing by camel caravan and would reach Bagdad on the fifth day of Muharram—just as the frenzy was becoming heated.

The presence of a fanatic like Raad on such an occasion meant that anything might happen. He had sworn that the Tigris and the Euphrates should flow crimson with the blood of the infidels. And he had put himself at the head of the Moslems the world over, who number more than two hundred millions.

It all sounded like the fiery dreams of a madman to me. And so it was. The madman had a following, however, and much blood might be shed. In Bagdad, with its population of about 300,000, there are nearly 100,000 non-Moslems. The Feast is always a difficult period for those who do not participate—and this time anxiety was particularly grave and extra precautions were taken.

A much greater display than usual was made of the notices regarding the Feast, which are issued by the Moslem leaders every year and prominently posted throughout the cities and towns of Irak in the hope of creating a less antagonistic feeling toward all those not of the Faith.

"Say! D'ya think these'll have any effect on his lordship Ibn Raad, huh?"

Bain was staring at one of the notices posted up in our headquarters.

"We can't afford any illusions about him," opined the Skipper. "Listen, you fellows. Raad means business. All this"—he waved a hand at the poster—"is eyewash as far as he's concerned."

"Got a scheme, Skipper Amstring?" queried Gyppo.

"We can't arrest him and shove him out of the way. That would be just what he'd want—he'd love to play the martyr. No. He must enter Bagdad with all due pomp and ceremony. We have the job of escorting his caravan from Ramadi to Bagdad. We have to work out our scheme while we're doing that. Gyppo! D'you think you could produce Zara by tomorrow morning?"

"Zara? The Armenian girl who helped us at Dasa?"

"The same. I think she's the solution of this problem," said the Skipper mysteriously. And that was all we could get out of him for the moment.

Gyppo spent the remainder of that day as well as most of the night in Dasa and returned with the smiling Zara. She, remembering how Armstrong had once saved her sister from something worse than death, was more than willing to perform whatever part the Skipper should allot her. To me it was beginning to look as if she were to become a regular member of our espionage service. Certainly she made the loveliest decoy.

Nevertheless, when a week later we joined up with the caravan of the infamous Ibn Raad to escort it on the last lap of the journey to Bagdad, Zara had disappeared. We took to the Road, a most imposing cavalcade. First came the "prophet" and his suite on a score of camels, then his band of fifty disciples, also on camels, then a long string of pack mules. Down each flank of this cavalcade rode the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol in single file, with the Skipper and myself at the head and leading the way.

All that first day the Skipper spoke only once:

"If I thought I were leading this swab to a bloody revolution in Bagdad I'd finish the lot of 'em now!"

We had to pull up at every village and hamlet, for the natives crowded about us, crying out for the Prophet Raad's blessings, which he gave most liberally. In that trek we had abundant illustration of the fellow's immense power over the Moslem populace. His name had indeed spread far and wide.

I SHALL be very old before I forget an incident that occurred on the evening of that first day. We were crossing a lonely stretch of desert at sunset when, out of the blue as it seemed, there came the solitary figure of a woman. She appeared, in that hour of color and mystery, like some wraith, some specter of an age-old legend, rising from the very dust at our feet.

She advanced toward the camel of the prophet, hands outstretched in supplication, a beautiful figure in rags the color of the dust. Her clothes were so dilapidated, so scanty as to display the shapeliness of her limbs, the round suppleness of her arms; and the white dust had but served to soften and give a peculiar bloom to the creaminess of her skin. Her eyes shone like those of a timid gazelle in the pale but perfect oval of her face.

Zara, of course. I thought her appearance not merely dramatic but decidedly subtle. Of a truth, the Armstrong touch! No sudden appearance could have been more impressive to that superstitious throng, nor to that prophet of prophets whose omens, divinations, forebodings, portents, and sorcery had carried him so far. A touch of genius! The Skipper was an artist, as subtle as the devil himself!

There was no doubt about the success of the girl's aim from the very word "go!" The story she told in the awesomeness of that blood-red desert sunset was supremely beautiful in the telling, her supplication a superb piece of acting. She impressed even me. She impressed even the hard-bitten Skipper. Most of all did she impress Ibn Raad. There was compassion in the man's gaze. And in the crook of his features there was something else, for his eyes had seen the beauty that is woman. . . .

In itself, the tale she told was nothing unusual. It was the telling that mattered. I did not know then that the girl worshiped Armstrong; would do anything for him, give away her very soul in his service. Evidence of that stupendous fact came later. And it more than explained her amazingly clever acting.

Ibn Raad was touched by her story, her wonderful devotion to the cause he had so much at heart. He would, he said, see to it that she should be present to witness the great triumph of the Moslem cause. He would even make himself personally responsible for her safe conveyance to Bagdad.

WHEREUPON he took her into his own saddle; and he was astute enough to make of it an example of compassion before Allah, of which his followers and hangers-on duly approved.

If it was being left to Zara to prevent Raad from setting a light to the powder magazine in Bagdad during Muharram, I certainly did not envy her her task. No matter how strongly or subtly she might weave her spell about the prophet, how alluringly she exerted her woman's wiles, she could never hope to turn the fanatic from his purpose. He saw himself king of the Moslem world, and it was hardly on the cards that even the most fascinating baggage alive could persuade him to deviate one iota.

An extract from my diary would not, I fancy, be out of place at this point. It gives, far better than my memory could, a picture of the barbaric scenes of Muharram as we found them on arrival in the ancient capital:

"There could not be a more awe-inspiring, more bloodcurdling sight than this! We entered Bagdad on the third day of the Feast, and already the fanatics were growing frenzied in anticipation of the final Feast in the mosques. Many hundreds of Moslems were parading through the streets. Some were belaboring their bare chests until the blood flowed profusely. These are devotees chosen to do physical penance in memory of Hussein, grandson of the Prophet Mohammed, who was murdered twelve hundred years ago. They punished themselves with chains, knives, iron bars, some having cut their heads until they were a mass of blood. Others had great discolored bruises about shoulders and chest.

"The chief procession carried at its head an effigy of Hussein's headless body, followed by the mourners careering crazily along in zigzag fashion, beating and chanting, while their brethren among the watchers howled and shrieked in a key to make the blood run cold. . . .

"Huge flares light up the streets during the nights. They are carried on the top of long poles and waved wildly about so as to clear a way for the advancing and ever-increasing processions. . . .

"*Seventh day of Muharram:* The last four days have been like living on the brink of a volcano. The extraordinary thing now is that we have passed the fateful fifth day, when Ibn Raad was to make his gigantic throw for world dominance—and nothing has happened! Why? Has Zara succeeded in dissuading him? If so, in Heaven's name, how?

"*Eighth day of Muharram:* Still nothing has happened—save that the devotees have become more bloodthirsty in their self-punishment. We have seen nothing of Ibn Raad or Zara since we brought the 'Holy Caravan' into Bagdad. It is beginning to look as if that girl had achieved the impossible! I have been on duty in the streets with other members of the patrol, from all appearances, natives among natives—and never so much as a glimpse of the new prophet. What has happened to him?

"*Ninth day of Muharram:* The Skipper is now confident that we shall pass through the heated period without any trouble from the agitator who attempted to assume the mantle of the Prophet. It looks as if we shall. Now a matter of hours. The din on the streets, night and day, is deafening. The patrol is utterly weary, having found it almost impossible to rest or sleep during the past few days. . . .

"There is still a great coming and going at the 'Sacred House' where we left the prophet and his suite, also Zara, on our arrival in the city. A mysterious house indeed. I have watched it a great deal. It is impossible to gather anything from the demeanor of the high priests who enter the place so hurriedly and leave it in the same manner. Obviously Ibn Raad must still be there, or there would have been a great hue and cry for him before now. Why doesn't he come out? Why will he not show his face? He has been preparing for this world-rocking event for years—and now? Is he afraid? How can a mere girl have achieved this miracle?

"*Tenth and final day of Muharram:* We are beginning to breathe more freely. This taciturn blighter Armstrong tells us to be patient. We shall know all in a few hours. He knows Zara has carried out her task successfully, but the exasperating devil won't say how!"

The close of the tenth day found the mosques filling and the thoroughfares quieting. It was all over, and the ghastly revolution had certainly not come off.

The next day we were up at dawn. The patrol had been asked to escort Ibn Raad from the city before the populace were awake! When he came forth to mount his camel he was so closely hooded that we could see nothing but his ferocious, his baleful black eyes.

My job on that strange retreat was to tail the cavalcade with Zara in my saddle *and see that no harm came to her!* Nothing could have pleased me more, since I was dying to know how she had accomplished the impossible.

We had hardly left the city walls behind when I fired the query that had tortured me for days. She laughed! How she did laugh, trilling her lovely music up and down the scale! Her gazelle-like eyes blinked mischievously. Her full mouth bubbled with merriment.

When she tired of it she said she had been laughing from sheer relief. The last few days had been a great strain. I did not doubt it. They had been hellish enough for me. What must they not have been like for her—playing the principal part?

"But it was very simple, Digger. So very simple. It was Armstrong Sahib who thought it all out. He is a great man, a great good man. I would do anything for him—anything!"

She closed her eyes tightly for a few seconds.

"Anything," she repeated, almost in a whisper. "But you are impatient, and I must tell you, for you are his big friend. It was simple. Ibn Raad and I became very close friends, very close, even before we reached Bagdad. We became very much more before the passing of the first night. It was unpleasant; but I made the appearance of great joy in him, so that he was truly deceived. It was thus on the second night and the third. The fourth night, the eve of the great day, he slept heavily because of that which I had placed in his coffee, and while he slept I shaved off his beard!"

I gasped. "Shaved off his beard!"

"But yes! I shaved him as clean as any baby. Do you not see? He was then a beardless boy!"

I roared. "A most humiliating condition for any Moslem, not to say teacher and prophet!"

"But yes, Digger Sahib. A beardless boy at whom Allah, Imam Hussein Ali, and their hundreds of millions of followers would but laugh and jeer. For in the eyes of all true Moslems there is no greater abasement than that any grown man—to say nothing of a teacher and a prophet—should be foolish enough to lose his beard. There never was a prophet without a beard! How could Ibn Raad show his face among those mad worshipers?"

How indeed!

To find an abandoned motor car with its wheels in the air in the heart of wild and hilly country in northern Arabia is to assume only one thing—bandits. We of the Fourteenth had been scouting for the past week, with orders not to return to headquarters at Ramadi until we should have secured one Khan Nekh Sudah, a lawless gentleman with thieving tendencies. There had been a number of reports regarding his nefarious activities on the great Aleppo Road, and our job was to take him prisoner, dead or alive.

The car was well off the road. How it had been driven in that rocky country was a mystery—why it should have been driven to that wild spot, an even greater one.

We were some seventy miles from Ramadi and in the most desolate quarter imaginable. It seemed clear that the Khan Sudah and his merry men had been at work again.

And that but recently. When set on its wheels the car was seen to be in good running order. It was an expensive specimen of a well known make. It was decidedly warm in the bonnet. Judging by the tank and the engine, some one had been driving it not many hours before.

"But if this *is* Sudah's work," I said, "why didn't he destroy the machine? It's not like him to leave it around for anybody to pick up. These fellows generally destroy things they've no use for."

"Mebbe they're coming back," Bain suggested.

"Everything points to their having left it in a hurry," said the Skipper quietly. "I'll wager it was running an hour ago or less. It looks to me as if they hadn't time to do more than tip her over before they scuttled."

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" D'ya think they spotted somebody, Skipper? Us, mebbe? "

" It looks very like it. They might have seen us topping that ridge back there. If we're quick enough, we should catch up with them soon. Get moving now! Take my beast, Digger, and I'll see if I can still drive a car."

The patrol mounted again and moved off, led by Skipper Armstrong in the swell touring car. His progress over that broken and boulder-strewn ground was not exactly swift, but the car climbed and dipped like a caterpillar and without mishap.

In half an hour we had come upon a tiny Bedouin hamlet. We stowed the car in the courtyard of the headman and proceeded to search every nook and cranny of the village. Our native members, the Wahabis, questioned the people for us while the Skipper, with his uncanny mastery of dialects, attended to the headman and his family. The result was nil.

Getting blood out of a stone is easier than obtaining information from an Arab who has made up his mind to say nothing. Not that he remains dumb. He will talk for hours—and convey precisely nothing at all.

We passed on to the outlying farmsteads. We were given dates, melons, pomegranates, and bread, as well as bundles of camel thorn for our beasts—but never a word about the Khan Sudah and his elusive gang.

They were mounted, of course. But in that difficult country we were unable to find any traces of hoof imprints, and it seemed we might be on the wrong track.

Until well into the afternoon, when, entering a gully, we were met with a hail of bullets. Our beasts, highly trained racing dromedaries, flopped to knee on the instant. Luckily we were moving in the shelter of a wooded bank. Crouching over the beasts in this cover we could see, some four hundred yards ahead, a breastwork of boulders in the shelter of the trees on the opposite bank.

The Skipper rapped out an order, and we gave them volley for volley. It soon became evident that, though they had the advantage of position, being higher up the bank, their marksmanship was of a very indifferent order. They appeared to be using all manner of ancient pieces. One of our camels was literally slaughtered by a soft slug of lead they sent over—a beastly sort of bullet to have ricocheting about your body.

We, on the other hand, had recently equipped ourselves with up-to-the-minute nickel-steel " Germausers," thanks to one gun-running Gruener. We were thoroughly enjoying ourselves with the new toys, for this was the first time we had occasion to use them in battle. They behaved beautifully.

" Say," chuckled a voice within a yard of me, " these Germans may be down and out, but—oh, boy, do they know how to make a rifle! "

BUT the fire from the breastwork was diminishing. It looked as if it were only a matter of minutes before we should walk over and collect the goods.

Then there came a sudden hullabaloo from behind that wall of boulders—hoarse shouts mingled with the cries and shrieks of women.

" There ain't no Amazons in these parts, huh? "

" Amazons be jiggered! " snapped Armstrong. " More likely the women from that touring car."

" It sounds like an Arab trick to me," put in Gyppo. " Imitating women in distress, eh? "

" I wouldn't put it past them."

The sounds were dying away, receding. The firing had ceased altogether. Was this lull a ruse?

Armstrong decided to rush the place. There was no doubt in his mind about the cries of those women. Nor was there any in mine. We mounted and loped over there in no time. Not a shot came our way. We suspected the worst. The women had made that hullabaloo when the bandits made off with them. Clearly, they had wanted to attract our attention.

We jumped the breastwork and found—one outlaw, and he was dead. Well, the others could have gone only a little way. They, however, knew every inch of those hills and valleys and we did not.

Beyond the breastwork was a thick belt of trees. Half of the patrol raked this in extended order, while the other half skirted it with the camels. On the farther side we came upon a clearing of sand and the imprint of hoofs. We mounted and followed these at top speed.

After the better part of an hour, we came on to a ledge of rock where the hoofprints disappeared.

All through that night we trekked blindly. By now every man was convinced that those shrieks had been the cries of women in distress.

The dawn came up in a wild flash of color, suddenly, blindingly, as it often does in the East. The light showed us a vast panorama of hill and valley. We sent off two Cossacks and two Wahabis to scout over it, and plodded steadily on, stopping for neither rest nor food.

Presently there came the crack of a rifle. It was the signal from our scouts.

We persuaded our beasts to show what they could do in the way of speed, reached a high plateau, and saw our scouts standing perilously in the saddle and waving their guns. Coming up with them, we caught sight of our quarry, a moving speck descending toward a cleft in the hills. Within half an hour we were hanging on to their tails, harassing them with shots, and generally making *their* progress exceedingly difficult.

THERE seemed to be about thirty to forty men in the gang, and presently a number of those in the rear halted and opened fire on us. This in no way checked our headlong rush. They thought to pull us up and give the others time to get away with the women. The maneuver failed miserably, since we experienced no difficulty in overpowering the small rear-guard detachment. That done, we secured them to their saddles and tied their horses to our mounts, and away we raced after the others.

There wasn't even the semblance of a scrap. A few shots, and we were surrounding them. Perhaps it was just as well. We were no more anxious to fire upon those helpless women than the enemy were to hit their own men now riding with us.

They were ragtag and bobtail, regular scalawags of the mountains—save their chief, the Khan Nekh Sudah, of whom we had heard so much. He was a fine well set-up ruffian, black-haired, black-eyed, with fierce-looking upturned mustaches. No felt cap and sacking for him. He was turned out in full riding kit, over which he wore, cape fashion, a black camel's-hair aba of as rich a quality as that worn by our own Skipper.

The two leaders faced each other and Armstrong addressed the Khan in his own language, pointing to the two women. The Khan threw back his head and laughed insolently. The next moment he had measured his length in the dust, a wiser if not a sadder man.

Having tied up the outlaws, we turned to the two women. When they were released and standing on their own feet in the roadway it was seen that they were not merely European but decidedly English-looking.

One of them was a very attractive blonde, looking for all the world as if she were taking part in a cinema story. Her clothes, though somewhat bedraggled and dust-grimed, were fashionable and well cut. The other girl, who turned out to be the maid, was a plump, dark-haired, rosy-cheeked hussy of the genus cockney. The amazing thing was that neither seemed very perturbed at finding herself in so perilous a position.

The blonde addressed Armstrong in halting Arabic.

" They take us for more natives! " I laughed.

" Well, ain't you? " cried the rosy-cheeked one, while the blonde stared hard with her big baby-blue eyes.

" We are not! " snapped the Skipper. " For your information, we are the Fourteenth Irak Desert Patrol—police of these parts."

" Oh! "

The ejaculation came in unison from two silly rounded mouths. They seemed horribly disappointed.

" And we thought you were real sheiks on camels! Lor', fency you being Henglish! "

" Isn't it just as well for you that we are? " snorted the Skipper. " Or would you prefer to associate with real sheiks, as you call them? "

" Oh, ain't you a sell! "

" Shut up, Mabel! " The blonde girl turned to the Skipper. " We naturally thought you were another band of Arabs—dressed as you are."

"Where are your companions?" he inquired.

"What companions?"

"D'you mean to say you were alone in that car?"

"Well, of course!"

This rather staggered even the Skipper for a minute.

"Really! And you think it perfectly safe for two women to career about the desert in a car—alone?"

"I don't see why not!" and the thin artificial line of her eyebrows rose.

"You wouldn't!"

"How dare you talk to me like that!"

"Madam, whether you like it or not, you are now in my custody, and until I hand you over to the commissioner at Ramadi, you will do exactly as I tell you."

"Ooh!" squeaked her companion, while the blonde girl flushed scarlet, bit her lip, and glared.

It did not look as if the damsel in distress and Skipper Armstrong were to get on very well together. I doubt if the blonde beauty had ever been spoken to in her life in quite that brusque manner, and there was no doubt about her resentment. She introduced herself as Elsa Grayson and her maid as Mabel Hicks.

Elsa was one of those wealthy young moderns, blasé, bored with life. It developed that she had been seeking diversion—or sensation—in travel. She had left Damascus in her high-powered car, accompanied by her maid.

Their intention had been to cross the Syrian desert to Bagdad. But apparently they did not greatly care what happened, so long as something did happen.

Something did. They lost their way. The next thing they knew was the close proximity of a bunch of bloodthirsty Kurds.

Whereupon both of these silly women instantly fell in love with the "sheik" of the band, his lordship Khan Nekh Sudah!

THE hussy of a maid appeared to have enjoyed the escapade as much as her mistress, her chief ambition in life being to fall into the hands of Arabs, preferably of the wild variety. Both of them had the "sheik complex" rather badly, and one gathered they had fed a natural craving for romance "at the pictures." When the Kurds had spotted us coming over that ridge and had made off with them, they had supposed we were a rival band of Arabs attacking their captors in order to secure *them* as the prize!

The silly wenches had even looked forward to being transferred to the more romantic camels. It was quite impossible to make them realize what they had escaped by the skin of their teeth.

Armstrong's attitude from the beginning was decidedly contemptuous. When he had the whole band of Kurds tied to the hind quarters of their own mounts, the girls thought him the most loathsome and brutal monster they had ever met—and said as much. They were forced to accept a guard in the car and myself as driver, a very humiliating position for Mademoiselle Elsa.

The only man among us who seemed to make any headway with the girls was Bain. Mabel Hicks took to his Yankee idioms at once. Doubtless Bain's country has a lot to answer for in the matter of educating little girls of the Mabel type. At all events, the "talkies" had given her quite a flair for "Oh, yeahs" and "Sez yous."

"Say, kid, weren't you scared when the guns were poppin'?"

"Oh, boy! I'll say!" chortled Rosy Cheeks, utterly abandoning all her cockney background.

AND so on and so on all the nauseating way to Ramadi, which, by the way, we did at a funereal crawl. The reason for our pace was twofold. In the first place, the bandits' mounts could not move very quickly owing to the peculiar way their owners were strapped to them; and secondly, the Skipper was anxious that the two women should have their fill of adventure before we reached Ramadi. Looking back on it now, I fancy it *was* a lesson to them.

When we started off Elsa was hating the Skipper like poison, and if looks could kill he would have been stone-dead before we had covered the first mile. Later I caught her glancing in his direction, and there was something rather puzzling about her looks. On the second day of that dismal crawl she was looking at him with that in her baby eyes which was certainly not hate.

The fact is that before we had covered half the journey the spoiled creature was beginning to find something attractive in the brutal demeanor of the patrol leader! And soon she did not care who knew it!

Briefly, she became so enamored of the "strong silent man" that she was actually making overtures to him by the time we had reached our destination.

She ended by boldly asking him to be her personal escort as far as Bagdad. Not very astonishing perhaps in that type of woman. What did astound us all, however, was the fact that Skipper Armstrong did not say nay!

It only serves to show that you never can tell with these "strong silent men"!

How would the stern Skipper deal with Bedouins whom the patrol caught butchering white men? This will appear—a gripping episode—in next week's installment of Hell Riders. So will young Bain in the rôle of witch doctor, curing a Khan's daughter at risk of his own life to earn a jeweled ring—which turned out to be . . . But read Digger's story of it next week for yourself! It's at once the most thrilling and the funniest Arabian adventure imaginable!

SO TIRED, SO BLUE

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RUSTIC, HECTIC,

A Best-Seller of Yesterday
Today—A Marine Novel Be-
Messrs. Cantor, Wheeler, and

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary. **2 stars—Good.**
3 stars—Excellent. **1 star—Poor.**
0 star—Very Poor.

★ ★ ★ ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

THE PLAYERS: Anne Shirley, Tom Brown, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley, Sara Haden, Murray Kinnell, Gertrude Messinger. Directed by George Nichols, Jr. From the book by L. M. Montgomery.

ALL of this week's pictures are good, and yet it seems to us that Anne of Green Gables, a simple, unpretentious, and highly sentimentalized story of a girl's growth to womanhood, tops them all.

Taken from L. M. Montgomery's best-seller of a generation ago, the story opens on a farm where an aging couple, brother and sister, decide to adopt a boy to help with the work. The orphanage, however, sends a girl, and after some preliminary misgivings the vexed farm people decide, just as you knew they would, to keep her.

From there on the picture treats Anne's development, her dreams, her troubled school days, and her homely tender love affair with the boy on the next farm. While there is but little plot, the story is so sympathetically approached and the characters so deeply felt that the picture has a definite suspense.

Anne, a defiant sensitive girl whose too fertile imagination is the cause of most of her troubles, is one of the most interesting film characters in some time. And Anne Shirley, who plays her, becomes, with this one rôle, the outstanding find of the season.

The rest of the cast is uniformly excellent. But no review of this picture should pass without mentioning Helen Westley and O. P. Heggie as the farmers, and Sara Haden as the not too malicious gossip. Tom Brown repeats the fine work he did in Judge Priest.

If you find yourself in a theater showing this picture, you'll see a beautifully photographed tale abounding in pathos and humor.

VITAL STATISTICS: Original red-headed Anne was created by Lucy Maud Montgomery twenty-six years ago. Anne in return netted her creator $100,000 or so in royalties. Scene of novel laid on Prince Edward Island, vest-pocket Canadian province, in small farming community thirty miles from island's capital, Charlottetown. . . . Anne Shirley was formerly Dawn O'Day and recently changed her name legally to fit the leading character in Lucy Maud's book. Anne is sixteen and started earning her own and her mother's living at fourteen months. She posed for a commercial artist in a department store. At three was a child actress in films, and has been acting ever since. . . . Tom Brown is twenty-one. Made his first stage appearance at six months in a carry-on, his maw doing the carrying. . . . O. P. Heggie answered a recent transcontinental phone call one afternoon. Left New York that same afternoon at five and reported fresh as a daisy at the Culver City, California, studios at nine the next morning for work on Anne. . . . Caustic-tongued Helen Westley is a Brooklyn lassie, and one of the cofounders of the Theatre Guild. . . . Gertrude Messinger is another screen veteran, getting her start at three in comedies.

Tom Brown and Anne Shirley in a scene from Anne of Green Gables, based on the novel of the same name.

★ ★ ½ THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA

THE PLAYERS: Victor McLaglen, Wynne Gibson, Alison Skipworth, John Gilbert, Helen Vinson, Fred Keating, Leon Errol, Walter Connolly, Tala Birell, Walter Catlett, John Wray, Claude Gillingwater, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Story by Wallace Smith.

AN ocean liner bound for New York pushes its nose out of San Pedro harbor. The captain, played by Walter Connolly, hates the sea. And he's off on another cruise.

But it's more than just a trip for the passengers, and whether they know it or not, it marks a turning point in most of their lives. Author Wallace Smith used this background for his popular novel, and the story of The Captain Hates the Sea is the story of these people:

John Gilbert—an unsuccessful Hollywood writer trying to start a novel. He gets on the ship drunk, stays drunk during the trip, and disembarks at New York to find his Hollywood cutie, and the old life, still waiting for him. Victor McLaglen—a cop hot after some stolen bonds. He not only gets them but wins the thief's girl. Fred Keating—the crook who loses the bonds and his girl but finds a rich widow en route. Akim Tamiroff—returning to his tropical country to quell a rebellion. Instead, he gets himself executed upon landing. Wynne Gibson—used to be one of the gals, but now respectably married. Her past catches up with her during the cruise, and her husband, thinking that every one is laughing at him, beats her until he is put in chains and she attempts suicide.

These and a score of minor players live through The Captain Hates the Sea, and while they are individually interesting, the story as a unit lacks direction. All the rôles are well played, the film is honest and frequently brilliant; but it misses any heights, just as it misses the depths.

Alison Skipworth and Victor McLaglen in The Captain Hates the Sea, a fast-moving drama aboard a liner.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture held up for weeks during west coast longshoreman strike, costing thousands extra. . . . Shy, sensitive John Gilbert was raised in the top drawer of a theatrical trunk, son of the theater. Is one of screen's highest paid and most married actors. Was born in Logan, Utah. Is five feet eleven; brown-haired and -eyed; dark-skinned. Owns two dogs and a car. Wears gray suits and no hat. Smokes a pipe only. Wears dark glasses on street to avoid recognition. Has been rubber-goods salesman, newspaperman, stage manager, extra, writer, and assistant director. . . . Kiplingesque Victor (Bigboy) McLaglen is a bishop's son. Was boy soldier in British army at fourteen. Has been Canadian farmer; prospector; boxer; carnival fighter; and participator in a vododeovil living-statue act. Fought in Mesopotamia during World War as provost marshal of Bagdad. Has seven brothers and a sister. . . . Alison Skipworth wears her fifty-eight years like a gardenia. Grumbles because she likes to, but wouldn't hurt a fly. Is always threatening to retire next year to a chicken farm she owns, but it grows moldy waiting for her. . . . Wynne (Gibby) Gibson has a good sense of humor and plenty of nerve. Once did 100 consecutive loops in a plane, and for this film jumped into the Pacific (sharks, barracuda, etc.), though she

ANTIC by BEVERLY HILLS

akes an Appealing Talkie for
omes an Eventful Picture, and
oolsey Cut Up to Good Effect

Kid Millions is the latest Eddie Cantor opus. With him in the photo are George Murphy and Ann Sothern.

couldn't swim a stroke. Sculps in her spare time. . . . Suave Fred Keating owes his stage career to Sidney (Bridge) Lenz, who taught him the rudiments of sleight of hand. Got famous on a disappearing bird-cage (with bird inside) trick. . . . Walter Catlett got himself famous on a brash salesman's methods in a Ziegfeld production. . . . Rubberlegs I Faw Down Leon Errol, despite his burlesque manner, is a product of the best Australian colleges. . . . Helen Vinson has lots of money but has the inner urge to make good.

★ ★ ½ KID MILLIONS

THE PLAYERS: Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, Ethel Merman, George Murphy, Jesse Block, Eve Sully, Berton Churchill, Warren Hymer. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Story by Arthur Sheekman, Nat Perrin, and Nunnally Johnson.

EDDIE CANTOR'S latest extravaganza, Kid Millions, has all the lavish ingredients of his previous hits. There are the same gorgeous Goldwyn girls, the usual collection of tuneful songs, the costly sets, the gags, the insane but speedy story. And through it all runs the indefatigable Mr. Cantor, spreading sunshine and cheer.

Kid Millions is just as good as his other pictures. In fact, it's exactly like them, and your capacity for enjoying this one will depend on how much repetition you can stand of even a good thing.

Eddie is seen as a poor but honest lad who becomes heir to seventy-seven (count 'em) million dollars. As the treasure is in Egypt, he must make the trip to collect the riches. Practically a boatload of impostors have the same idea. But Eddie wins the fortune, gives a minstrel show for the passengers, and straightens the love lives of quarreling friends. Returning home to Brooklyn loaded down with money, he builds an ice-cream factory where all the kids may come and have sodas a hundred feet high. Actually!

The lovely Ann Sothern, Ethel Merman, Warren Hymer, and George Murphy assist Mr. Cantor in this mad and sometimes beautiful fairy tale. Eve Sully of the old vaudeville team, Block and Sully, almost steals the show with her exuberant freshness. No one can tell us there's anything new or fresh about Kid Millions.

VITAL STATISTICS: Film is No. 5 in the Goldwyn-Cantor series, all good money-makers. . . . Banjo-eyed Edward Cantor was born in New York's Hester Street, the heart of the ghetto. Is an orphan, grandma-raised, and ruled by her rod of iron till he married his childhood sweetheart, the famous Ida (Tobias), in 1914. Left mail-and-stockroom-clerking after he won first prize on amateur night at Bowery's Miner's. Gus Edwards vodvil and his nervous staccato singing and dancing got him fame after much struggling. Is a keen business head, a dynamo for work, pretty egotistical, the best publicized father in the world, his five daughters being better known than the quintuplets who Dionne their daddy wrong. Lost every cent of a six-figure fortune in the market crash, but nothing daunted, set about remaking it. Has done well at it, what with $5,000 a Sunday-night fee for selling fresh coffee with dated jokes, and about $100,000 per picture from Samuel Goldwyn. . . . Block and Sully are F. F. V.—First Families of Vodvil—and appear over Monday-night's air waves. . . . Ann Sothern, born Harriet Lake, took her new name out of admiration for E. H. (Shakespeare) Sothern. Ziegfeld is responsible for her glorification.

★ ★ ½ KENTUCKY KERNELS

THE PLAYERS: Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Spanky McFarlane, Mary Carlisle, Noah Beery, Lucille LaVerne. Directed by George Stevens. Story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby.

THOSE Happy Hooligans, Wheeler and Woolsey, dish out a swell slice of slapstick in Kentucky Kernels, a wild hodgepodge of almost hysterical nonsense. We think it's their best picture, and if you've liked their antics before, you don't want to miss this.

Picked up greatly by the appearance of Spanky McFarlane, late of Our Gang, the story discloses Wheeler and Woolsey as vaudevillians who adopt a kid for a disappearing man. The kid turns out to be the heir of a Kentucky estate, and when Wheeler and Woolsey, armed with phony accents, go out to claim it, they run straight into a feud.

Wheeler and Woolsey, along with Noah Beery, Mary Carlisle, and chunky Master McFarlane, make the picture an item to delight any comedy fan.

VITAL STATISTICS: Those two madcaps Wheeler and Woolsey met for the first time in Ziegfeld's Rio Rita. Woolsey immediately started nagging Wheeler and hasn't stopped since. Wheeler considers him just like a wife, and says he ought to know what wives are like—having had two. . . . Woolsey was born in Oakland, California, on August 14, 1889. Has never been in a schoolroom, yet is one of Hollywood's best educated men. (Look at the competition.) His trunk in his barnstorming carnival days was never without a study book. Has a shrewd business sense if not much calculus. Shoots a game of 80-plus golf despite lack of muscle. Has been oil boy, errand boy, messenger boy, butcher boy, stable boy, and a jockey who never won a race. Calls Wheeler God's gift to Woolsey. Fights the team's studio fights. . . . Wheeler was born the toughest kid in the toughest part of Paterson, New Jersey, and after having licked every kid in his neighborhood has grown to be the mixer of the team. Cannot walk a block in Hollywood in less than an hour, his friends all stopping to chew a bit of friendly fat. Fought his way out of Gus Edwards's Kid Revue, licking every one but little George Jessel, who told him to lay off hitting the Jewish kids, as some day he would probably be working for some of them. The apple-eating act which got him vodvil and musical-show fame was discovered by accident.

The inimitable slapstick pair—Wheeler and Woolsey—make Kentucky Kernels a hodgepodge of nonsense.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century.

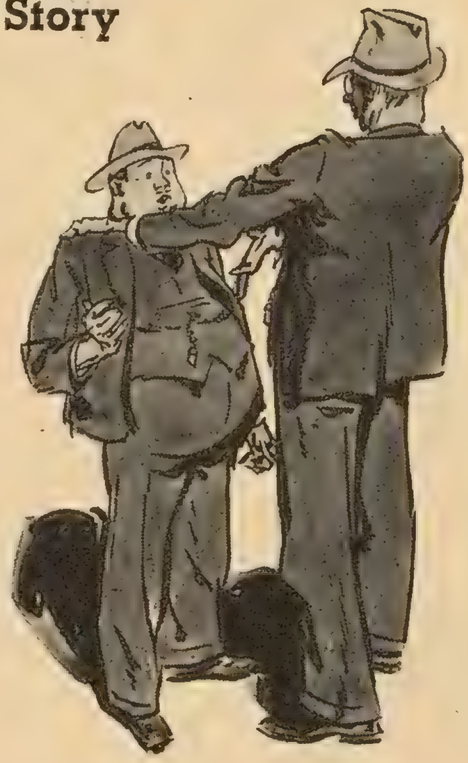
★★★—St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour.

FRIEND IN NEED

A Short Short Story

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

by ROBERT MAXWELL JOFFE



MR. LUCIAN TITWALLER believed in the Brotherhood of Man. One of his external indications of belief—a huge gold-mounted fraternal emblem—jangled from his watch chain as he beat a path through the cavernous upper level of the New York railroad terminal. His short legs carried him forward on a mission which involved the Brotherhood of Man, the intricacy of railroad schedules, and the fact that he *had* to be in Poughkeepsie by five o'clock that very evening.

Lucian barged into the office of the assistant general passenger agent and laid his cards on the table.

"You see," he explained breathlessly and with typical Titwaller enthusiasm, "I *must* get to Poughkeepsie at five tonight—big deal on with Luffbower Hardware Company—and the only train you people have going up that way this afternoon is the Albany express, which doesn't stop at Poughkeepsie. Now, Mr.—er—"

"Fisk," the assistant general passenger agent supplied.

"Now, Mr. Fisk," Lucian continued, "I want you to do me a big favor. Really, it's just a little thing as far as you're concerned, but it'll mean a lot to me." He beamed like a newly polished stove. "I'm going to ask you, Mr. Fisk, to have that Albany express stop for just one second at Poughkeepsie so I can get off. Now that's not asking too much, is it?"

It was, the assistant general passenger agent informed Lucian. He had no power to change schedules or authorize stops. It would be as much as his job was worth. No, he was sorry, but it could not be arranged.

Lucian, his faith in the Brotherhood of Man badly shaken, passed out of the office, only to be drawn up with a jerk as a heavy hand descended on his shoulder.

"Pardon me, brother, but I overheard your conversation and I think I can help you," a hearty voice boomed.

Lucian wheeled to gaze into the waistline of a towering individual. Hope welled in his heart as he caught sight of the gold-mounted emblem suspended from the watch chain of the immense gentleman.

"My name is Allerton," the stranger offered.

Lucian's arm shot forward and his fingers wrapped themselves about Mr. Allerton's hand in the fraternal secret greeting.

"Pleased to meet you, Brother Allerton!" Lucian cried. "Titwaller is the name. Lucian Titwaller—*Brother* Titwaller—Brooklyn."

"Well, well," Mr. Allerton chortled. "Brooklyn, eh? You must know Harvey Millheimer and George Bachrach and Al Chaney. I'm Newark, myself, but I get around a bit to meet the boys."

"Sure thing," Lucian beamed. "Harvey and me are like this." He crossed two fingers.

"Now, about what you were talking to his nibs in there," Mr. Allerton said. "I've been making that Albany trip for twenty years and I know the line like a book. All you've got to do is get right on that Albany express like you were going through, sit tight until the conductor comes around to collect the tickets, which is a few miles before Poughkeepsie, and when he asks for yours, you tell him you haven't any. He'll say you'll have to pay your fare in cash. Tell him you haven't any, that you're broke. In that case he'll have to put you off the train, and since you'll just be pulling into Poughkeepsie, that's where he'll put you off!"

Lucian's beatific smile of gratitude was worth its span in gold.

"Of course," Mr. Allerton whispered, "don't go blowing this idea around, because it's not really on the up and up."

Lucian flashed the sign of the sacred oath. "On my honor, Brother Allerton," he intoned solemnly. "And let me tell you, I won't forget this."

It was with a tumultuous sigh of relief that Lucian settled down in a seat on the Albany express adjacent to an angular gentleman whose face was buried in the folds of an afternoon newspaper.

While the train sped along the verdant bank of the Hudson, Lucian decided to discard Brother Allerton's suggestion that he plead poverty and substitute for it a mournful saga of a lost wallet. That, he reasoned, would be more in keeping with his dignity.

One aspect of the scheme bothered Lucian. In essence, he realized, he was cheating the railroad company out of a Poughkeepsie fare. He cudgeled his brain for a plan to ease his conscience.

Like a flash it came to him: He would send a check for the amount of the fare to the Relief Fund of the Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers!

An hour and fifty minutes out of New York, Lucian heard "Tickets, please!" The conductor was beside him. Lucian's hand shot in his inside jacket pocket, fumbled realistically, and came out empty. His face was a study in amazement.

"I'VE—I've lost my wallet!" he blurted. "My—my ticket was in it and—and all my money!" He groped at his other pockets, patting them with pseudo-hopefulness.

The conductor regarded Lucian's frantic concern with the stern-faced indifference of his calling.

"That's too bad," he said, "but I can't let you ride without a ticket or cash payment. You'll have to get off"—he leaned over and peered out the window—"at Poughkeepsie."

His hand reached up to pull the emergency cord as Lucian leaped to his feet with unusual alacrity.

"Just a moment, conductor!" the angular gentleman on Lucian's left interrupted. The ticket collector's arm paused in mid-air and Lucian felt himself being urged back into his seat. Through a haze he seemed to see money changing hands and seemed to hear the click of a ticket puncher. He looked up at the angular gentleman with a protest on his lips, but it died as he realized his position. The next thing he knew, his hand was being clasped in the secret shake and he was gazing at a gold-mounted emblem dangling from his seat-partner's watch chain.

"Barker is the name, brother," the owner of the fraternal insignia caroled cheerfully. "Albany. I always says if one of *us* won't lend a helping hand to another, who will? What do you say, brother?"

Lucian had nothing to say. Too many helping hands in one afternoon had proved his undoing. The token on his own tummy had become a millstone about his neck.

He groaned as the Albany express sped by Poughkeepsie.

THE END

Heaven *won't* Protect the Working Girl

Nor, Says One of Them, Has NRA Done It—A Battle Cry for a Better Deal

by HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AS an old-time, new-time, any-time feminist, wide awake and unashamed, I want to let out a yell that will sound round the world:

"Atta girls! They're after us again!"

For on my desk is a résumé of over 200 NRA codes—some temporary, most of them permanent—by which business is being worked today in our U. S. A.

And what to my wondering eyes does appear therein but—

	Minimum Wage per Hour Male	Female
Jacket, coat, reefer, and dress operators	$1.00	$.90
Shirts	.90	.80
Paint, varnish, and lacquer	.40	.35
Date packing	.40	.30

"Mother brought me up to be a feminist," Miss Bennett says, "and the twig liked the bending!" Widely known writer under her own name; also has seven pen names. Married "twenty-five years to the same man," B. F. Maupin. Has a daughter aged 20—"nice girl, too!"

I simply cannot go on; my eyes have blurred. On my list of 200 "approved" codes I find forty-nine carrying a minimum wage for the working girl that is less than that for the working man beside her.

Y'know, I'd been credulous enough to believe that sort of thing had gone forever. We girls got the vote, didn't we? And in the really rosy years that followed, things began to come the working girl's way. About ten years ago the Supreme Court handed down a decision in reference to minimum-wage laws for women as an "unconstitutional interference with liberty of contract."

After that, for a short and blissful decade, the states made no laws to speak of about "women and minors" and "women and children," and so all was well.

And then came the depression. Working girls found themselves flying out of jobs. To be sure, men went out too, but at nothing like the same rate.

Now, mind you, out of 61,679 working women whose family affairs were investigated, 55,000 were working to help keep a home going.

Some were single, some married; but the men of those families did not earn enough for a decent standard of living.

There is a widespread belief that all married working girls are getting money for nicer dresses, houses, or cars, or another string of pearls. If so, what of it? Just last week I called on one of the many vice presidents of the biggest employer in New York State.

"Ye-es," he said, "we employ married women. But of course a married woman who does not have to work just takes the job from—Minnie Smith."

"Oh, yeah?" I said. "Follow that line of reasoning to its end and *you* have Minnie Smith's job right now!"

"I—I don't just get that," he said.

"You believe that if your wife worked she would—as she is not in need of money—'take' Minnie Smith's job. But *you* do not need all the money paid to you!"

"I never reasoned it out that far," he said.

If work is a "right" to be enjoyed only by people who are not supported, then—

Why are the Rockefeller boys all working?

Why do we give our Presidents their jobs? Any one of them had enough to live on.

Come to think of it, Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor, has a husband. And Eleanor Roosevelt must be quite a money-maker. Her husband has a job. I did not expect to convince my vice president. Through the depression years no business man with whom I have talked has been convinced that a woman should have an equal chance with a man except when she would take less money. Often that did convince him.

And along came NIRA! As it stepped into the spotlight a sigh of gladness went up from working and would-be working girls. For NIRA in the original talked in sweet, dulcet tones of "workers" and "employees"—without any "males" and "females."

Just as long as NIRA was in the blanket the working girl was safe. But when NIRA appeared dressed in industrial codes, I exclaimed at breakfast, "Let's never have another cup of coffee!" as I read:

Coffee . . . . . Minimum wage per hour—Male, $.40
Female, .30

With a groan I studied the codes. Not only coffee but food, desserts, wool stockings, matches, wheat flour, and—oh, agony!—*mayonnaise* put females into the lower minimum-wage column! And the agonizing finale:

Burlesque theater . . . . . Male, $.30—Female, $.25

To be sure, these codes were but temporary. But the permanents do likewise. At this writing, out of 465 approved codes, 120—including practically every industry that employs women—discriminate against them.

And it isn't only the codes. Last spring our lawmakers in Washington passed a merry little section of the Economy Act: "In any reduction of personnel in any branch of the United States government, married persons (living with husband or wife) employed in the class to be reduced, shall be dismissed before any other person employed in such class is dismissed, if such husband or wife is also in the service of the United States."

The intent to spread jobs is good. But there are two jokers. The law is enforceable *only* when the dual income is earned by *husband and wife living together.* No inquiry as to whether Jack's salary alone is enough to feed the babies at home plus grandma and grandpa who care for them. Probably it never was, and so Jill went to work. Nor did any one ask the other married men and women in the U. S. employ whether they were living with husbands or wives who were working at jobs outside U. S. employment or received income without working.

Under this new act Civil Service goes to sleep along with the Supreme Court. For the next paragraph reads: "In the appointment of persons to the classified Civil Service preference shall be given to persons other than married persons living with husband or wife."

And right in the Vice President's secretary's place sits Mrs. John Garner, a first-rate secretary and, according to latest reports, still there and still living with her husband. In the offices of Senators and Congressmen are other wives and daughters serving as clerks and secretaries and on the U. S. pay roll.

No; heaven *won't* protect the working girl!

THE END

All in the Day's Work

MONTE CREWS

A Story for Lovers and Those Who Know the Courage of "Man's Best Friend"

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE auburn Irish setter stood disconsolate, for a moment, in the cellar whither his wrathful mistress had banished him. He had no faintest idea what fault he had committed this day.

This morning, when he had been let out before breakfast, he had gone as usual over the hedge fence into Vance Calvert's back garden—there to romp with his beloved comrade Rags, Vance's big mongrel.

A thousand times Rusty and Rags had played together. Theirs was one of those oddly devoted chumships which sometimes spring up between two dogs. Again and again he and Rags had snoozed side by side on the moon-drenched porch of Fay Lanning's home in the spring evenings while Fay and Vance sat needlessly close together talking.

Last night, for instance, Rusty and Rags had snoozed thus in drowsy content on the porch until they had been awakened by the grating change of tone in the two human voices. With a dog's psychic sense, they had realized that their human deities were suddenly at odds.

Then Vance had gotten to his feet and had departed for his own home, Rags frisking along at the glum man's side. Fay had gone indoors, calling Rusty to follow her. There, to the setter's dismay, his self-controlled mistress had sunk down on a hall chair and had wept hysterically.

He had been wild with sympathy, and he had sought to thrust his cold nose between her tight-pressed hands and to lick her face. But she had pushed him away and run up to her own room.

This morning, midway in his romp with Rags, she had called angrily to him. Then she had shut him by force into this abominable cellar.

Rusty looked unhappily around him. And as he looked his unhappiness vanished. Before him was an absurdly simple means of escape.

Coal had been dumped into the cellar the day before. The window had been left open. A scrambling rush up the steep and shifting hill of black fragments—and Rusty was out through the window. He was free!

Instantly he beheld his chum Rags dancing forward to greet him.

The two dogs touched noses. Then both of them caught sight of a neighbor's cat which was stalking an oriole at the other end of the lawn. With a gay rush the comrades charged.

The cat scrambled up an elm, her tail swollen to double its normal size. From the lowest branch crotch she spat right virulently down at her pursuers as they circled the tree at a gallop to an accompaniment of plangent barks and of futile leaps at the trunk.

The din brought Fay Lanning to an upper window. She stared unbelievingly down at her supposedly imprisoned setter and at the disreputable mongrel.

Once more she sallied forth. Seizing Rusty by the scruff of the neck, she dragged him indoors, scolding him as they went.

Rags trotted alongside, much concerned at his friend's plight and seeking to soften Fay's heart by patting playfully at her white skirt with his muddy paws.

Fay thrust the setter into the house. Rags prepared to follow. She turned on him fiercely, driving him from the porch. To reënforce her act of eviction, she picked up a small stone and threw it in his general direction.

The stone was not tossed with any force, as it was designed only to make Rags run home and not to injure him. It missed its large and furry mark by several feet.

Ricocheting from the lawn grass, it smote the treed cat lightly on the side just as pussy had ventured to descend to earth again after her climb into the elm. The impact of the pebble would not have bruised a mouse, but it sent the cat scuttling indignantly homeward. Rags beheld her irate flight and merrily gave chase.

Fay went indoors again. There she found that Rusty had gone to the cellar, for once, of his own accord—and had escaped again through the coal window.

The setter joined Rags in the futile chase of the stone-

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

struck cat. As the latter dived for safety under her owner's veranda on the far side of the wide suburban street, the two dogs trotted off to the woods together for a rabbit hunt.

It was nightfall before Rusty and Rags came back to their respective homes—happily tired, and coated with swamp mud and with clots of burrs.

Meantime Fay Lanning had received a hand-delivered note from a woman who lived directly across the street and whom the whole neighborhood disliked. The note ran:

Dear Miss Lanning:

With my own eyes, just now, I saw something I would not have wanted to believe on hearsay. I had come out of the house to look for darling little Fluffy, to give her her morning milk. I was in time to see you hurl a rock at her, striking her with cruel force. Then I saw you set Mr. Calvert's detestable mongrel dog on her, and then your own red setter.

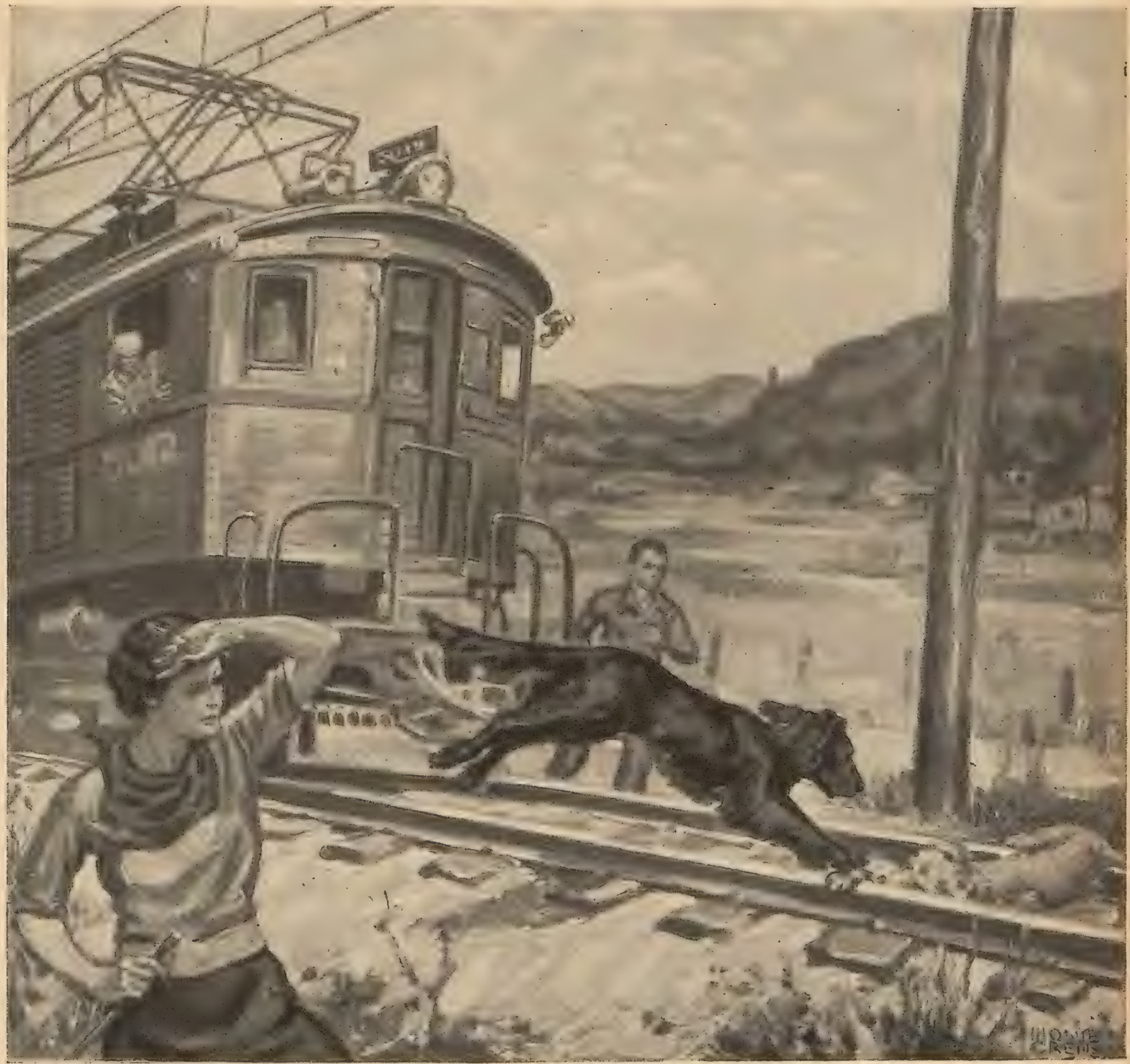
Fluffy managed to escape from their murderous attack, terribly injured though she was by the wound from the rock you flung at her. She is almost delirious from pain and fright.

I have telephoned the veterinary. If he finds her injuries are as serious as I know they are, I shall not only notify the S. P. C. A. but consult my lawyer. I have never witnessed, nor even imagined, such an instance of cold-blooded brutality toward a helpless dumb creature.

Very truly, LUELLA V. TODD
(Mrs. K. Jacklyn Todd).

No suburbanite or country dweller needs to be told that more rural neighborhood disputes and trouble and gen-

by ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE



Rusty had wrenched himself free from the girl's detaining grasp on his ruff. There was a flaming auburn streak that flashed on to the track under the very nose of the train.

eral ill feeling are occasioned by live stock than through all other local causes put together.

And here was a quarrelsome woman who might well be able to make the court or the S. P. C. A. believe that Fay Lanning had actually stoned a harmless cat half to death and then set fierce dogs on the stricken creature.

The story would look ugly in print. There might be heavy cash damages to pay. At the very least, the foundations were laid solidly for a perpetual neighborhood feud.

It was all Vance Calvert's fault! Yes, the whole thing could be traced directly back to him. If he had not behaved so abominably the night before, Fay would not have been urged to drive his worthless mongrel from her grounds. No stone would have been thrown. No cat would have been hit. Hence there would have been no trouble with that loathly Mrs. K. Jacklyn Todd.

Note-writing is infectious. Fay sat down and began to scribble.

That evening Vance came home from his law office in the city, hot and tired from a strenuous day's work. On the porch he was met ecstatically by an equally hot and tired mongrel, whose furry coat was miry and burr-crusted and whose nose was scratched by briers.

Indoors, on the hall table, Vance saw Fay Lanning's note. A tender smile touched the corners of his mouth as he tore open the envelope.

"Poor little sweetheart!" he muttered to himself. "She's sorry she behaved so rottenly to me last night, and she's writing to say so. I'll chase over there on the jump."

He had started for the front door, on this mission of reconciliation, before his eyes fell on the first lines of the letter. Then he stopped short in his tracks and read:

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

was born in New Jersey. After graduating from Columbia University he became a writer for the New York World. He has written many novels, several of them about dogs, as well as over thirty motion-picture plays and many short stories and poems.

> Dear Mr. Calvert:
>
> I am writing to ask—to demand—that you keep your mongrel cur off our premises. He is a neighborhood pest, what with tormenting defenseless cats and so forth. Every one knows that, including Mrs. Todd.
>
> But my personal complaint against him is that he comes here and lures my setter, Rusty, to run away with him, and that he tramps his muddy feet all over our veranda, and that he has just ruined a new white skirt of mine with those same muddy feet.
>
> Besides, when strangers pass by our home, I don't want them to see an ugly mongrel there, and to carry away the false idea that we would harbor such a dog. It is humiliating.
>
> When I ventured to say very courteously to you last evening that a thoroughbred dog (like Rusty, for example) always has far more beauty and intelligence and better manners than any mere crossbreed can hope to have, you flew into a fit of temper at this supposed slur on your dog, and thus you showed me once and for all the true nature of the man I had once been so foolish as to consent to marry.
>
> In the conversation that followed you said things I shall try to forget.
>
> Enough of that. My letter is solely for the purpose of warning you to keep your dog off our land and off our porch. I think you will not need to be told again that the same request applies to yourself.
>
> Very truly, FAY LANNING.

If he had not been a lover, Vance would have laughed delightedly at this bit of ludicrous babyish crankiness.

But he was a lover—an ardent lover. The letter plunged him into utter despair.

RAGS sensed his master's unhappiness and pressed close to him, thrusting his great honest head into the man's inert palm.

"She doesn't want us around, old friend," said Vance, stroking the dog's lopping ears. "She's done with us. Both of us. We're—we're *out!*"

The next morning Vance awoke early. He would have sworn he had not slept a wink all night. To clear his head for his long workday in town, he set off at sunrise for a hike through the woods and over the hills.

As always, Rags danced joyously about him, thrilling at the prospect of a walk. The mongrel's gay barks split the early-morning stillness of the pretty suburb.

The barks did more. They reached the sleeping setter Rusty on his mat in the Lanning front hallway. They bore him a message.

Through the kitchen darted Rusty, and thence to the swing door that led down to the cellar. In another five seconds he was slithering up the coal pile toward the open cellar window that had served him so well yesterday.

Before Vance Calvert and Rags had traversed a quarter mile of their hike, Rusty had not only caught their trail but was ranging alongside, his feathered tail awag, his topaz eyes alight.

Vance stopped short. If Fay should chance to learn that her setter had joined him and Rags on their tramp, might she not well believe that the crime-smeared Vance had coaxed her dog from home and taken him along with him in order to spite her?

On the other hand, if he should escort Rusty back to his owner's veranda and tie him there, he would be breaking her cruel command not to trespass.

VANCE started on again, both dogs gamboling in front of him. Their hearts were as jubilant as his was shattered.

But it is hard to remain a blighted being when one is breasting steep hills at sunrise, with two dogs for comrades and with the dawn wind in one's face. Before he realized what he was doing, Vance Calvert had begun to whistle. He broke off in this to shout encouragement to the two dogs as they tore away in pursuit of a rabbit which bounced out of a thicket just ahead of them.

Suddenly Vance realized, to his horror, that he was having a good time. Aghast, he fought his way back to a mood wherein he had been picturing the fickle Fay Lanning as weeping at his deathbed and himself whispering words of divine forgiveness to the heartbroken penitent.

Fay Lanning had awakened, wretchedly unhappy, from a night of broken sleep. As she came out on the porch to call the mysteriously absent Rusty into the house, she paused horror-struck.

From where she stood she had an excellent view of the Calvert house beyond the hedge fence which separated the two modest estates.

Fay was just in time to see her recreant ex-fiancé going indoors from his walk. More—she saw him stoop to pat Rusty and Rags just before he went in. There could be no doubt both dogs had been his companions on the hike.

When Rusty ambled carelessly home to his own breakfast, his mistress eyed him with cold aversion.

He was her pal. She had reared him from puppyhood. She had done everything for him. And now this four-footed auburn-coated Benedict Arnold had gone over to the enemy.

Rusty had a vague sense of being in disgrace. He did not in the least know why. But being a dog, and with all a dog's wondrous friendliness, he sought pathetically to make friends with his icy deity.

He brought her the morning paper—an exploit which almost always earned a word of praise—and then he brought her his ball, in case she should crave a romp.

All in vain. These humans were strange folk! All day the aloofness continued; and all day Rusty was puzzled and sad because of it.

But next morning Fay had thawed enough to whistle him to join her in a walk. It was Sunday. Every bright Sabbath, for months, directly after early church, Fay and Vance had gone together for a jaunt through the primitive country which crowded almost up to the suburb's one long street. Always both dogs had gone along. It had been a continuous gala occasion.

Today Rusty peered expectantly toward the Calvert house in search of Vance and of Rags. But Fay spoke abruptly to him; and she set off in the direction opposite to that which she and Vance always had taken.

She yearned to look back over her shoulder to see if Vance and Rags by any chance were in the offing. If they were, she would toss her head haughtily and hurry on. Indeed, she practiced the gesture; and she tried to make herself believe it had not more the air of a nod of invitation to follow.

But Vance and Rags had started on their Sunday walk a full fifteen minutes earlier, and Vance had deliberately chosen the direction opposite to their usual road. Gloomily he plodded along, his heart full of bitter memories of earlier Sabbath rambles.

Rags was fairly bubbling with high spirits. In vain he tried to make his master join in the fun. But, for once, Vance was oblivious.

Indeed he himself was getting so little pleasure from the walk that presently he turned back.

Vance had crossed the railroad track, just beyond Hairpin Curve, and had begun to mount Panther Hill, when this resolve came to him. Rags had cantered on ahead in chase of a squirrel. The squirrel refused to play fair and resorted to the unsportsmanly tactics of climbing a tree—even as had Mrs. Todd's cat.

Wherefore the dog was less averse to obeying his owner's call and of retracing his way than he would have been if the squirrel had stayed manfully on the ground. Obediently, if with no great zest for this curtailing of his hike, the big young dog trotted in his master's wake on the homeward stretch.

Then, as they neared the railroad track again, Rags pricked up his lopping ears and bounded forward. A girl and a dog had come in view, moving toward them.

By scent, sooner than by sight, Rags recognized his dear playfellow Rusty. So they four were going to have their happy Sunday morning walk together, after all! Rags galloped friskingly across the track to greet the setter. His clubbed tail was wagging furiously. He was a picture of canine joy.

It was then that Fay Lanning caught sight of the oncoming Rags, and behind him of the slower-moving Vance.

HER ruse to avoid meeting him had had the effect of bringing them together. She was sharply vexed at the unbidden throb of happiness at her heart on sight of Vance. The man would think she had followed purposely—that she had thrown herself deliberately in his way!

She came to a quick standstill. Rusty had started to brush past her to meet the advancing Rags. Fay caught the setter by the ruff and held him. Rags came bounding up. She made a forbidding gesture at him with the light walking stick she carried.

She meant the motion to be only monitory. But Rags was coming on like a clumsy hurricane. The girl misjudged the distance and the force of her movement. The stick smote the happily capering mongrel, painfully and hard, full across the face.

Rags shrank back at this blow from a girl who always had been so friendly to him. Vance Calvert caught his breath ragingly. Then he called the mongrel to him and turned toward the roadside woods, as if to get himself and his dog out of the girl's path.

Rags came at the summons, head and tail adroop. The blow hurt his face; and still worse it hurt his sensitive feelings. He was glad to go to his master for comfort and reassurance.

IT was then that the electric train swung around Hairpin Curve. It made no sound that could be heard above the babble of the near-by creek and of the summer wind in the tops of the trees. It was moving fast to make up for an earlier delay.

Poor Rags had just ambled to the very middle of the railroad track, in response to Vance's call, when the train struck him. There was a single frightened yelp. Then the big furry body hurtled through the air like some grotesque bundle.

Straight forward it was flung; and it fell directly athwart the track, just ahead of the train.

The engineer jammed his brakes on. But there was no earthly chance of his coming to a halt before the foremost wheels should cut the dog's big body in pieces.

Vance flung himself forward at top speed. But he was much too far away to be of use. Fay screamed and ran futilely toward the inert body huddled so lifelessly there in mid-track.

The third spectator had not waited for orders. As the train had tossed Rags into the air, Rusty had wrenched himself free from the girl's detaining grasp on his ruff, and had gone into action.

There was a flaming auburn streak that flashed on to the track under the very nose of the train. Without checking that whirlwind rush, the setter stooped and caught Rags's limp body by the middle of the back, and plunged onward, half dragging, half carrying the heavy inert weight.

The engineer evidently changed his mind about stopping for a mere dog, for the train thudded past.

For a moment Fay Lanning stood alone on the hither side of the track as the cars slid in front of her. Dreadingly she scanned the rails for signs of what perhaps had been a double slaying.

Then, after what seemed a century, the train was gone and she could see the road just beyond it.

On the ground, still in that unnatural huddle of lifelessness, lay Rags. Above him stood Rusty, sniffing at the chum he had risked his own bright life for.

In the road sat Vance Calvert, holding Rags's head in his lap. The man's lean face was working as he stared in

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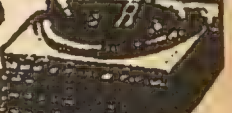

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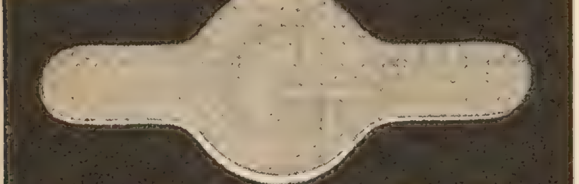

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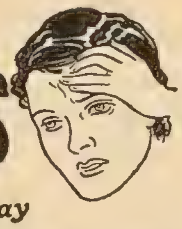

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dumb grief at the moveless creature that had been his adoring comrade and slave.

"Oh, Vance!" sobbed the girl, throwing herself on her knees beside man and dog. "*Vance!*"

Sobs choked the words she fought so hard to say.

Vance Calvert glanced across at her dully, impersonally, his face dead.

"Won't you please go on?" he said, his voice as dead as his aspect. "You and your dog? Please go on, won't you, and leave me here with—with this friend I've lost? You've nothing to wait for. You've got your wish. You wanted my 'ugly mongrel cur' to be kept away from your house. Well, he'll be kept away; and you won't be shamed by having strangers think you are harboring such a worthless mutt."

"*Vance!*"

"You can see for yourself that he'll never bother you again," rasped Calvert. "Neither will I. Now that you're rid of us both—now that you've got what you wanted—won't you go? I don't mean to speak rudely. But it's little I'm asking of you. I just want to be alone with—"

He broke off in a gurgling yell of amaze. On his knees, he could feel a tremor shoot through Rags's inert body. Then the mongrel lifted his shoulders and his head from his master's lap and blinked dazedly around him.

Slowly, waveringly, the big dog lurched to his feet. He peered in drunken owlishness at the dumfounded onlookers. Presently his wabbling legs steadied themselves. Back into his bewildered eyes crept their wonted disreputable gayety. The frightful impact had done no more to his thick skull than to stun him—to put him out as a jaw punch might knock out a boxer. In another day at most Rags would be as good—or as bad—as new.

Vance Calvert would not let his miraculously revived dog walk, but carried his great weight tenderly in his arms to a furlong-distant garage whence he could commandeer a car to take Rags to the nearest vet's.

Weeping, crushed, utterly humbled, Fay Lanning followed. Neither she nor Vance had spoken since Rags had come to life. There seemed nothing to say—or too much to say.

With stately tread, Rusty moved along at his mistress's side. For the moment nobody paid any attention to the setter. Recognition—and much of it, and much praise and petting—would come later, when these deeply absorbed humans should have scope to recall the grand thing the setter had done.

On to rheumatic old age, Rusty was destined to be an honored inmate of their home and a hero to their children.

Just now his mistress was crying. His friend, Vance Calvert, was stalking along with misty eyes and set teeth.

Ordinarily the setter would have overwhelmed them with eager sympathy. But something in his strange mental cosmos whispered to him that they both were gloriously happy—whether they might realize it or not—and that neither of them stood in the faintest need of sympathy.

It was the same occult sense which had made him forbear from giving voice to the awful death howl, there beside the tracks, when these humans had been making such a fuss over the seemingly dead Rags. Rusty had known his rescued playmate was still very much alive.

As for his own glowing exploit—well, it was all in the day's work, wasn't it—all a part and parcel of what humans know as "a dog's life"?

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **CITY EDITOR** by Stanley Walker with a foreword by Alexander Woollcott. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

There are ten million people who will tell you "I used to be a newspaperman once myself." Every one of them should read this book—one of the few that discusses the field of reporting with candor, humor, and pride.

★ ★ ½ **THE SECRET WAR** by F. C. Hanighen. The John Day Company.

A new book by the co-author of Merchants of Death, which helped bring about the Senatorial investigation of the munitions makers. The present volume on the world war for oil, dramatic and revealing, may also stir the lawmakers as well as the public.

★ ★ **LOST PARADISE** by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. The Macmillan Company.

Peter, a dreamy boy, brought up on a Maine coast farm, even as a child wanted to write. His father and brothers become part of a mind picture he is painting. Everything about the farm is beautiful to Peter. It is a vivid picture of an exceptional boy.

★ ★ **LIFE A LA HENRI** by Henri Charpentier and Boyden Sparkes. Simon & Schuster.

Cooking is an art and here one of its masters opens his heart.

TO THE LADIES!

PIES
COOK BOOK

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

PRINCESS MARTHE BIBESCO was visiting the lately assassinated King Alexander of Yugoslavia, who had just appointed one of his bitterest political enemies to the nation's cabinet. "That was a courageous thing to do," said the princess.

"Oh, no," replied Alexander. "Nothing brave about it. He is so tired of being put in prison that I am sure he'll make an unusually contented minister for my cabinet."

Princess Bibesco told me this story a short time ago while we were lunching at the Cosmopolitan Club in New York.

Her stock of anecdotes concerning people of European fame and royalty is inexhaustible. Authoress, lecturer, daughter of a Roumanian diplomat, she is over here now with her husband, who promotes international aviation. She's a fashion philosopher, too.

"What we wear," she says, "ought to reflect nature and the seasons. Tailored suits in spring because they are trim and budlike. Summer dresses with the fullness of expanding blossoms. Then velvets and furs to go with the autumn dahlias and the chrysanthemums of winter."

She had flower perfume on her when she was taken to meet the eccentrically highbrow Marcel Proust. He was in bed with hay fever, and couldn't let her into the room for fear her perfume might touch off one of his sneezing fits. Whereupon they were introduced through the door at the top of their voices. "So I can say that I had a *yelling acquaintance* with Proust," Princess Bibesco declares.

One time she asked the French statesman Herriot if he knew a certain snobbish literary man. "Know him?" laughed Herriot. "My aunt was his cook for years; I have spent many a Sunday in his kitchen. *I'll say* I know him!"

PRINCESS BIBESCO

A READER has popped this question:

"When my husband and I are out visiting friends in the evening, is it ever polite for *him* to make the first suggestion about going home—or do good manners always give me the privilege of saying when we should leave?"

Dear lady, good manners don't give you anything of the sort. Not any more. Woman's ancient license to keep a man from his bed is now an obsolete law, and I believe it is one of the old-fashioned etiquette rules that we are better off without.

Why should any husband be obliged to sit up and suffer silently until his wife makes up her mind to take him home?

SIR ISAAC NEWTON saw an apple fall—and propounded our law of gravity. I want to tell you the story of a woman—wife and mother—who has learned from life that human nature obeys a similar law—that men cannot easily be raised above or sunk below their true level.

Years ago she married a wild young man. Because of his intemperate ways she left him, taking their small son with her. She changed her name. Out of her imagination she created an ideal father for her boy. She taught him to be everything that his real father was not.

Now her son has matured, is working as an engineer in the Northwest. There he has struck up friendship with an older man—a man scarred by adventure but broadly tolerant of youth and deeply wise. Letters from her boy, some of them containing snapshot photographs, reveal the man as her husband.

Father and son are drawn together now by that natural force which causes men to find their true level in spite of artificial barriers. Is it her duty to inform them of their blood relationship? She thinks so. She feels that her son will be safe with his father—now.

A FEW more hints on the subject of inexpensive Christmas novelties:

Cute little curlywig ostrich feathers in bright colors topping tiny combs for evening wear. . . . Set of wooden plates for buffet suppers. . . . Ivy sprays made of glazed white chintz for table decoration. . . . Stylish bedspread of white velvet corduroy. . . . Bedroom bookshelf of pocket-size classics. . . . Great big honest-to-goodness butcher's apron for the bachelor who likes to cook. . . . Dozen electric-light bulbs for the forgetful housewife (aren't we all?). . . . Genuine barman's mixing glass and strainer for cocktail comfort. . . . Large copper bowl (eight inches across) for the pipe-smoking man who hates snippety ash trays.

BUSINESS places with smile-provoking names abound in Hollywood. I jotted some of them down. The Cottage Cat Hospital, the Read & Wright Real Estate Company, and the Ono Cash Market—operated by Mr. Ono, a Jap of timely nomenclature.

TEASE languid appetites with these new canapés prepared as follows: 1. Chop finely and mix 2 tablespoons celery with 1 tablespoon toasted almonds. Add a dab of mayonnaise, a mite of mustard. Serve in rolled-up slices of dried beef. 2. Mash yolk 1 hard-boiled egg with ½ avocado. Moisten with lemon and onion juice. A little salt, a dash of cayenne. Spread on thin rounds of brown gluten bread.

$2,000 CASH PRIZE GAME OF POSTAGE STAMPS

ANSWERING THOSE INQUIRIES ABOUT "THE COUNTRY OF ISSUE"--ENGLISH VERSUS FOREIGN SPELLINGS—ANOTHER WARNING AGAINST UNNECESSARY ELABORATION. ONLY TWO MORE GROUPS TO IDENTIFY

REQUESTS have been received for a clarification of " the country of issue " as used in the rules of this contest. The second clause in Rule 1 should make this entirely clear. What you should write beneath each of the stamps in your entry is the name which has been deleted from the face of the stamp. The English spelling of any name will have equal value with the foreign spelling in the ratings.

There being but two more groups to identify before you complete and submit your entry, it is time to repeat once more advice against preparing elaborately ornamented presentations. Neatness requires no embellishment. The fact that in a contest of this scope we cannot engage to return any contestant's entry is a further reason to rely upon accuracy rather than visual appeal. Liberty's expert judges have been rating contest material for years. They have seen all manner of ornamentation and at this late date are not apt to be either impressed or blinded by glitter.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.

2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued and accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling " Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."

3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.

4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space provided beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize.

7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.

8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

THIS IS GROUP 8

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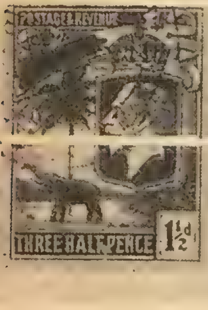

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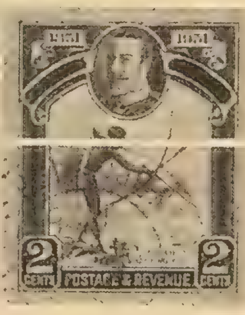

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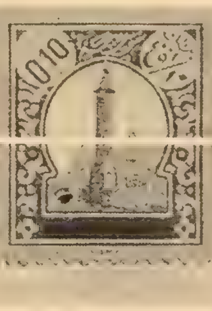

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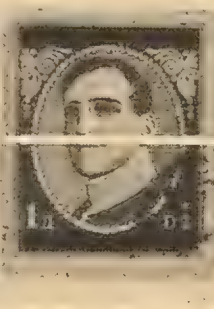

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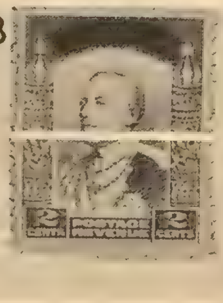

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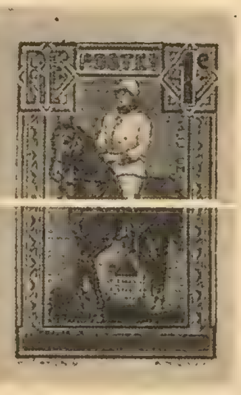

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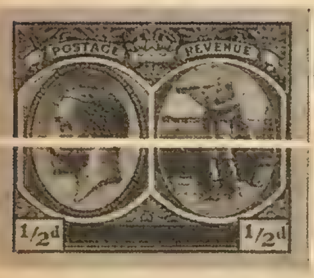

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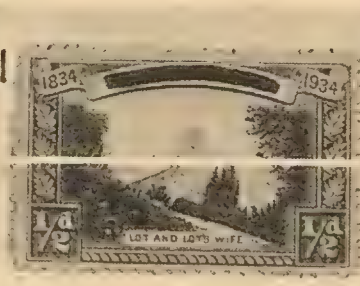

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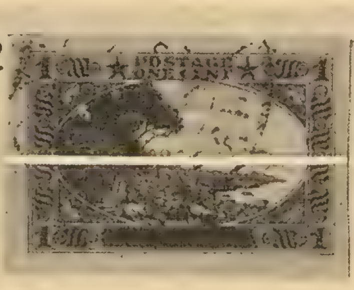

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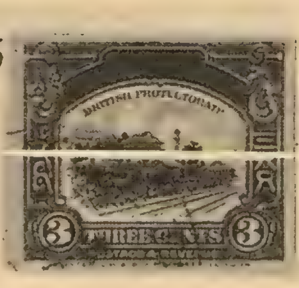

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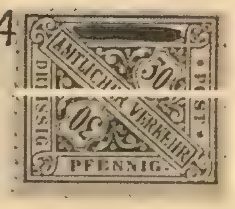
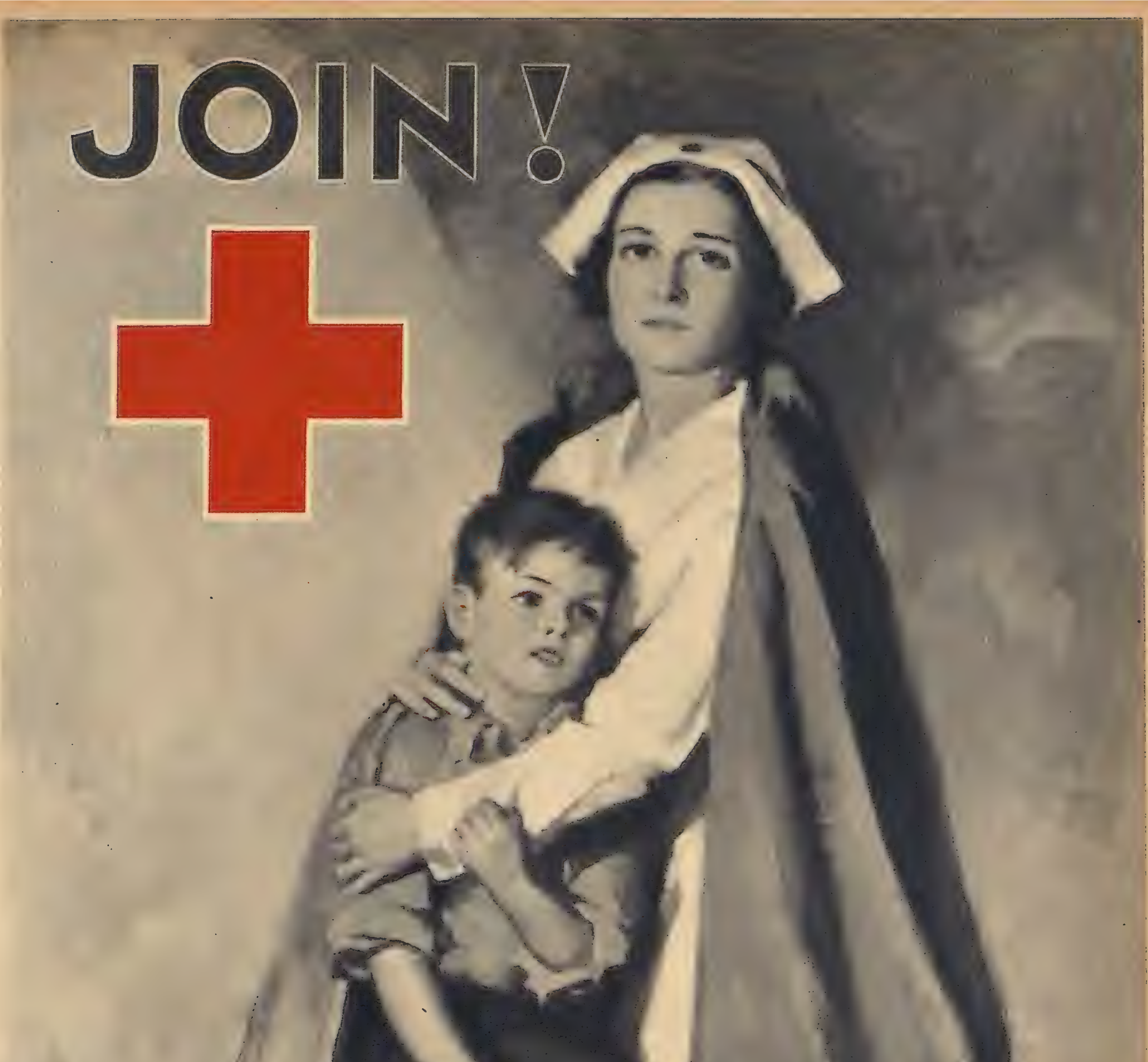


SET NO. 9 OF THIS EDUCATIONAL CONTEST WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK!



Service to Humanity—Renew Your Membership in

THE RED CROSS

Dangerous Woman

A MYSTERY NOVEL OF A BLONDE

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SUSAN BUDLONG, rich widow of Washington, D. C., is in the hands of kidnapers. Seized with her was Sophy Koloff, former thief who had turned straight. Sophy's friend, Alison Hawks, wife of John Hawks, wealthy reformed crook, had taken her to the Budlong home, where Sue gloried in Bohemian entertainment of all types of people. They watched the Budlong homing pigeons, and met the Budlong twins, Helen and Ellen. Then Alison got Sophy a job through United States Commissioner of Narcotics Merriman as an undercover federal agent.

Charles "Chub" Hopping, who loves Sophy, is mystified when she disappears. Secretly she was after dope smugglers and exposed "Lefty" Collins and "Gooseneck" Stevens when they tried to smuggle narcotics into New York from the liner Sonomic. Returning to the Budlong home with Alison, Sophy detects Count Laszlo there substituting an imitation for the famous Jildac Rose necklace. That night she secretly restores the real necklace to Sue's wall safe and returns the paste to Laszlo's room while he is asleep. Hopping, also a guest there, sees her and believes she is still a thief. Heartbroken, he goes South to put over a deal with a tobacco firm.

Back in New York, the count asks Sophy to direct him to a jeweler. She knows he thinks he's got the real Jildac, and sends him to Maxime, a fence. Durgin, a crooked police captain, appears with Lefty Collins and shakes Laszlo down for $15,000.

The latter then learns that his necklace is the paste he tried to substitute on Mrs. Budlong, and that Sophy is a secret service agent.

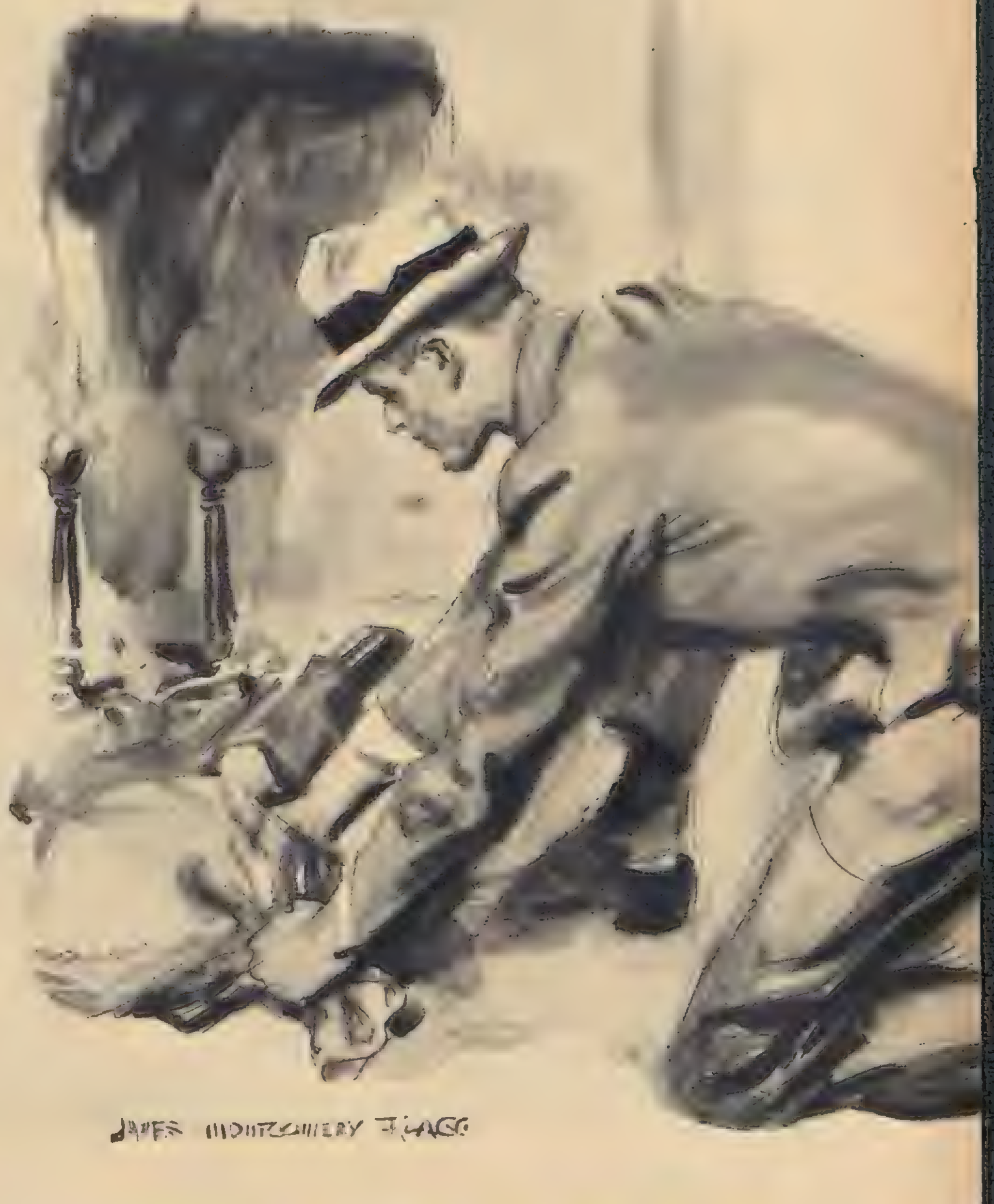
With Collins and an airplane pilot, Laszlo engineers the airplane kidnaping of Sophy and Sue in Washington. The kidnapers also take along the Budlong pigeons to send back as ransom messengers. The story now moves into the investigation of the sensational crime.

PART SIX—MR. HOPPING TAKES A CHANCE

THE Budlong kidnaping landed as a lead story—even in the New York papers—the first day it broke. The prominence and eccentricity of Susan Budlong, the colorfulness of the twins, the homing pigeons, and above all the sensational publicity and

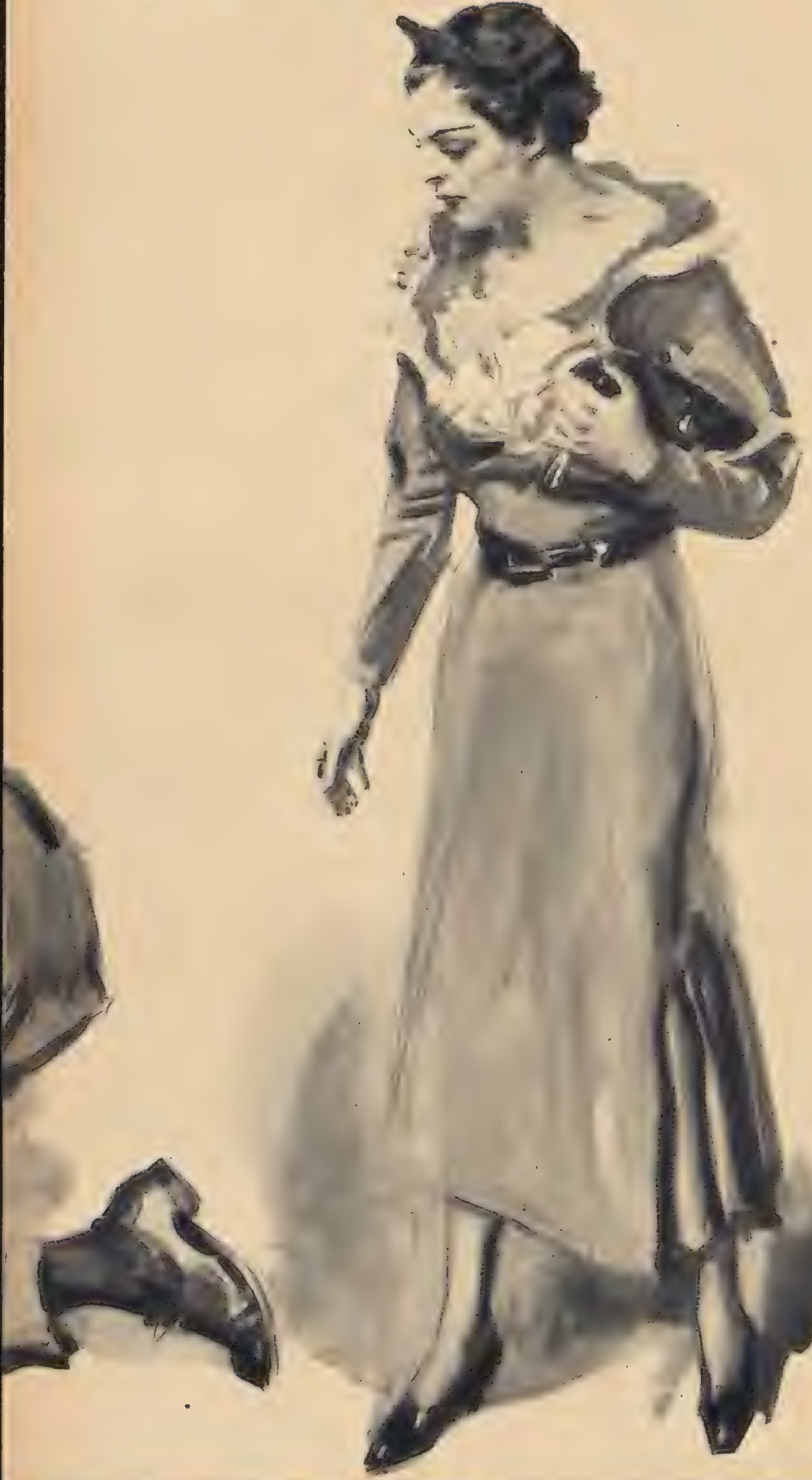
ILLUSTRATIONS BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



THEY RESCUED THE SACK OF MONEY FROM

TERROR • BY WALTON GREEN



the impenetrable bravado of the radio messages, gave the story a news value second only to the first and cruelest of all modern kidnapings.

The pigeon business leaked out the second day, and the District Commissioner had to throw a police cordon around the grounds of Locust Hall. One of the great tabloids tried to score a beat by patrolling the air above the house with a plane, in the hope of intercepting and killing a returning pigeon. They got nothing except a few innocent daytime birds. The message pigeon invariably arrived in the dark.

At the end of four days the police had got precisely nowhere. The abandoned Daimler had finally been found in the wood road. Edward's cap lay on the seat but his chauffeur's coat was missing. No finger-prints—no clues.

The dragnet—thrown out at nine fifteen Sunday morning and covering a five-hundred-mile radius—had yielded no haul beyond a lot of highly indignant and innocent suspects who were detained by over-ambitious sheriffs.

Commissioner Merriman's narcotics agents—among the cleverest and subtlest undercover men in the country—had turned up nothing. The Department of Justice had turned up nothing.

Nor had Charles Hopping, Jr., turned up anything. Commissioner Merriman, a distinctly unbureaucratic bureau chief, had welcomed him to the full resources of his office—keenly alive to the competence that underlay Chub's mournful indifference of manner and well aware that a capable amateur of crime—especially a man of Hopping's connections and bland gall of position—could go and do and ask and get things that no mere government man could aspire to. None the less, Mr. Hopping had got nowhere either. It was Wednesday noon. Chub sat in Merriman's office in the Treasury Annex. Merriman had just finished reading the pigeon note which had arrived that morning.

The Jildac—detached from its setting and sewn in a piece of thin suède leather, had arrived by pigeon post the day before.

"I'm still wondering why they sent the stone," mused Hopping.

"That's easy. Merely to substantiate Sue's note. The Jildac isn't worth a nickel to any one except a lawful owner."

DECORATIONS BY
M. E. SHERWOOD

HE FIREPLACE. HOPPING SEIZED IT.

"Y-e-s—I suppose so. Read the note again, please." Merriman read it over slowly:

"Stop stalling. Starvation began after your radio last night. No more food till we see the colour of your money and forty-eight hours get-away. Only one man knows place of women. He will kill himself before capture and women die anyway. Must have two hundred thousand old money, no marks, no consecutive notes: 50 grands, 100 half grands, 500 hundreds, 1,500 twenties, 2,000 tens. Too much publicity now. Answer tonight code only. Say, 'Locust Hall saccharin.'"

"Whew!" Hopping whistled. "That saccharin touch is a pip, isn't it? Direct reminder to the twins about their mother's diet."

"Huh-huh. Well, what do the twins say?"

"They say we've got to kick in. They're getting really nervous. You don't suppose that old stuffed-shirt will want to hold out any longer, do you?"

"Meaning Mr. Runyan Peters, the great banker?" smiled Merriman. "I don't think so—not after he hears the contents of this note. You better go up and see him. Tell him to get the currency together this afternoon. It'll go easily in a small suitcase or sack. Tell Peters he can take a memo of all the big denominations and as far down as his clerks have time for. Not that it'll do any good now. These grands, for instance, will circulate from hand to hand in the underworld and the half-world of the race track and Broadway. It may be months or years before they come to the surface. And you'd best go down tonight with the twins and see that they answer properly and not flippantly. I'll have a fleet of cars and men at Locust Hall by daybreak, so that you can start from there the moment the message reaches the dovecot. God knows where you'll be told to go or what you'll have to do."

"What's the D. J. man say today?"

"Same thing. Kendrick was in early this morning. He saw the Attorney-General. And the Attorney-General took it up across the way." Merriman jerked his thumb over his shoulder toward the White House. "Latest orders are to leave everything to you and me and the family till we get the ladies back. Then they intend to crack down on the situation with the full power of the United States and all that sort of thing."

"'Of thee I sing,'" murmured Hopping irreverently. "Well—I'll run along."

Now, at this precise moment Susan Budlong shook the dicebox and rolled double fives out on the backgammon board. Susan was sitting in a comfortable wicker chair on the covered porch of her own duck-shooting camp. The camp was on Coot Island, which Susan had owned for years, some ninety-odd miles—as the autogyro had flown them—from the city of Washington.

Susan looked at the double fives she had thrown.

"Oh, dear!" she said contritely. "That takes me out entirely. I'm so sorry, Mr. Lefty—that's three games in a row I've beaten you."

MR. LEFTY COLLINS grunted good-humoredly behind his black mask and fumbled in his pocket with one rubber-gloved hand.

"Yeah—I'm better at craps than these here parlor games. Here's your six bits, ma'am."

Susan pocketed the coins and looked at her wrist watch.

"Half past twelve! I'd no idea it was so late. Unlock me, please, Mr. Lefty, and I'll go in and start lunch."

Collins took a key from his pocket and unlocked one end of the five-foot leg iron where it was fastened to a heavy ringbolt in the log wall of the cabin.

Sophy Koloff, lounging comfortably in a deck chair at the far end of the porch and with her left ankle also shackled to a ringbolt in the wall, looked up from the year-old magazine she was reading.

"Want any help, Mrs. Budlong?" she asked in her even contralto.

"No, thank you, my dear. You can get supper tonight as usual. Come along, Lefty."

Collins eyed her suspiciously as he followed to the interior of the cabin, carrying one end of the light leg chain. The leg chain was no heavier than an average dog chain, but it was made of case-hardened steel. Collins snapped the free end into a ringbolt in the floor by the stove and proceeded to lay the table for four. Mrs. Budlong had a working radius of five feet each way—room and to spare, with everything put to her hand. Lefty rejoined Sophy on the piazza.

He picked up a pair of marine glasses from the window ledge and swept the sky, then the water that stretched toward the mainland. Having satisfied himself that there was no craft near by on the water and no planes overhead, he replaced the glasses on the window ledge.

"I'll go get the other guy, and we'll eat."

"If you knew what you looked like in that mask," said Koloff without looking up, "you'd leave it off."

"Yeah? And have the old lady describe me when she gets back? Forget it!"

"And what's to stop me doing just that?" asked Sophy, purposely provocative.

FOR three days she had been trying to get a hint of her own fate. Collins she had of course identified with the first word he had spoken. The other man's voice meant nothing to her, and his face she had never seen. From the first, Collins had taunted her with her government job. And she could only conclude that they had brought her along to kill her after they had cleaned up on Mrs. Budlong.

That Sophy had not turned in Imelbaum, for example, or Durgin, or any other with whom she had ever been connected—that she had stipulated with Merriman that she should work only on fresh cases that would not involve betrayal of past confederates—all this Collins could not be expected to know. Nor to allow for, if he did know.

"What's to stop you turning me in again?" Collins repeated her question. "Oh—they's lots of ways of stopping rats."

Sophy shifted her gaze to the water's edge. All that she could see was a few yards of water in the immediate foreground. Her piazza ringbolt, and Susan's, had been carefully located behind two clumps of cedars that grew at opposite ends of the long porch. Standing near the middle, one could see a full two miles to the Virginia shore. But a person behind the screens of cedar could neither see nor be seen by any approaching craft. Nor—unless they stepped off the covered porch—could they be seen from the air.

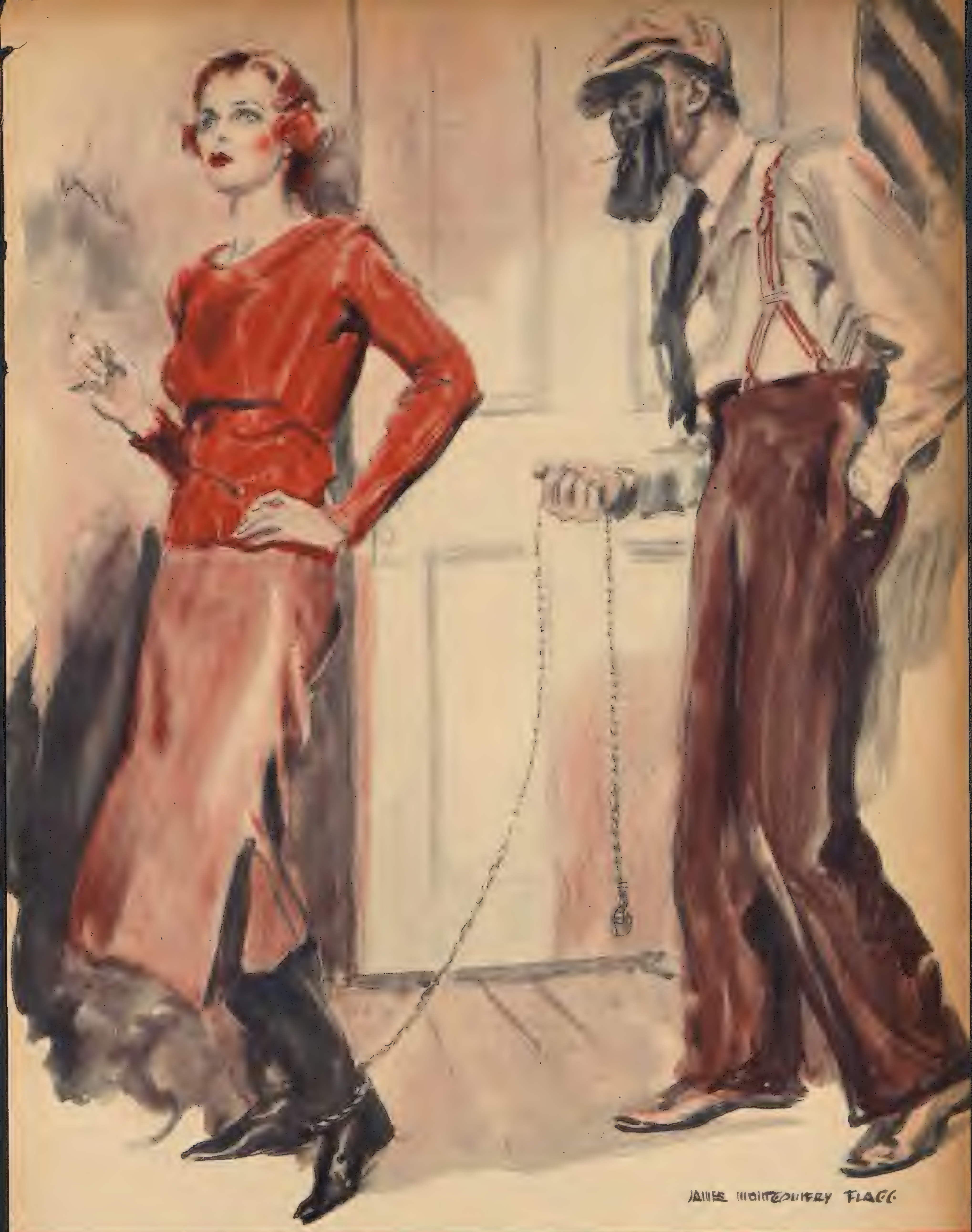
Coot Island, in Hunnicut Sound, is four hundred and eighty yards long and ninety yards wide at its widest. Except for two small clearings an acre or so in area, it is thickly wooded. It has four guest cabins and a main "shack." It has a driven well and gasoline pump. It has running water and a hot-water central heating plant.

At the end of each winter's shooting season Susan's camp is closed up, not to be reopened until the following November. For a few short weeks in early winter the waters of Hunnicut are alive with oystermen and hunters. Then for many long months only an occasional bayman chugs by in an asthmatic power boat, or the great twin-motored passenger Boeings on the New York-Miami run cruise overhead at two thousand feet.

The two women had been very comfortable. Susan's all-year-round stock of dry groceries and canned goods had been thoughtfully supplemented with fresh eggs and bread. Bedding, camp clothing, and all lesser equipment was ready at hand. When the autogyro had drifted down to a noiseless landing on the pocket-handkerchief clearing just before dawn on Sunday morning, all that remained was to carry the fresh provisions to the shack and turn on the water at the pump house.

Susan and "Mr. Lefty" got along famously—playing games together, discussing the technique of kidnaping, and arguing spiritedly over the fate that awaited Mr. Collins if and when he were caught. It was the kind of enemy fraternizing that officers always seek to discourage among their soldiers.

Certainly the man known as Bert—the taciturn pilot of the gyro—sought to discourage it. His manner to his prisoners was impersonal and aloof. He spoke as little as possible, and appeared only at meals and with his mask and gloves on. He refused to be drawn by Susan, even when she addressed him—as she had come to do almost


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Collins eyed her suspiciously as he followed, carrying one end of the leg chain.

from the outset—as "Mr. Crosspatch." Mrs. Budlong's vague but complete disregard of anything in the world except the momentary actualities of any situation made it extremely difficult to be impersonal with her, even when you were kidnaping her. Susan would have argued on the scaffold with her hangman about the quality of the hemp in the rope.

Sophy Koloff was allowed none of the minor liberties permitted to Mrs. Budlong. She and the man called Bert watched each other covertly and closely. He never came too close to her, though she was unarmed and though the shack had been gone over with a fine-tooth comb and all knives and forks and sharp implements of every sort removed. Spoons were the only eating or cooking tools allowed. Not even matches were permitted, for fear the women might contrive a smoke signal in the fireplace. The cooking was done over an oil stove, which was lighted by one of the men, as were the occasional cigarettes demanded by the ladies.

Sophy Koloff continued her brooding gaze at the shore line. She had said nothing to Mrs. Budlong of her belief that she was not destined to be set free when the older woman was. Nor had she told Susan of her growing suspicion that Count Laszlo was behind the whole business. With the best will in the world—and even if warned against it—Susan would be likely to let fall anything she knew or suspected. Her life too might then be in very real danger.

That Laszlo was the brains behind these men, Sophy was practically certain. Only a hunch, to be sure—plus a single piece of tangible evidence. One of the steamer rugs which had been wrapped around them in the gyro she had caught sight of when their eyes were being untaped so that they could walk to the shack. The pattern was vaguely reminiscent of the voyage on the Sonomic.

It was this hunch on Sophy's part that had resulted in sending back the Jildac. The men had demanded something belonging to Mrs. Budlong that they could use for identification. Sophy had not made the suggestion herself. She had insinuated it in Mrs. Budlong's mind, and the man Bert had fallen for it after long consideration. Of course, what Koloff wanted was to get through to the other end some sort of message—even so indirect a suggestion as the diamond—that would turn Merriman's mind toward Laszlo.

SOPHY sighed. One other thing worried her. If she should only come out of this thing toes up, she prayed from the bottom of her heart that sooner or later, wherever he might be, Hopping would learn the true story of her recovery of the Jildac. Merriman knew. Alison Hawks knew. Surely they would tell him. Faced now by uncertainty and fear, she felt a panicky rush of tenderness and want and desire to be cleared and clean in his eyes.

Her thoughts dwelt upon the little man: his quiet loyalty, his self-derisive cynicism, his petty conceits and flippancies and lovable absurdities—all the small bits of armor that a generous and sensitive soul pieces together to draw over and shield his inner fineness. Bless the little man—her little man. Yes, her little man! Ah, what a blind prig she had been. Alison was right. Too late now!

Mrs. Budlong was saying something from the neighborhood of the stove.

"I've called to you three times, my dear. Were you asleep?"

"No indeed. Just thinking. Wondering what they're doing back in Washington, and how much these birds are asking, and all."

"Well," rejoined Sue mildly, "they needn't hurry on my account. I've escaped two dull exhibitions at the Corcoran Gallery and that silly society circus at Fort Myer. And I'm sleeping better than I have for years, even with my dog chain on."

Sophy smiled to herself. Susan continued:

"If it weren't for the mosquitoes I should like to stay several weeks. If I could have foreseen this sort of thing I'd have had the shack screened. Still—one is lucky to be kidnaped into the comforts of one's own camp. Only yesterday Lefty was saying—"

"I SUPPOSE you know that man is one of the meanest and most dangerous criminals in the country."

"Well—you ought to know," returned Susan placidly and without the slightest intention of offense. "But he's not mean or dangerous to me. He's taught me how to talk to the dice, and I'm doing much better. I think it's well to know these things. But I do wish we could see the papers. I asked that pilot man—Bert—before he flew ashore last night, to bring us the papers. He was very rude about it. But he did bring me some saccharin tablets. I told him about my diet, you see, and—"

Sophy laughed, one of her rare laughs.

"You win—you certainly win."

"Of course it doesn't make so much difference about me," Susan continued placidly. "The twins won't worry. But I expect your fiancé will be frightfully upset—"

"My fiancé! But—there is no such animal, Mrs. Budlong. You've got me mixed up with somebody else."

"Very likely, my dear. Everything is so confusing nowadays. One never knows who's engaged or disengaged. Oh, I remember now. Alison Hawks said something about your being very much in love."

Sophy felt herself flushing. Suddenly she wanted to talk—she, the woman of surpassing reticences.

"I guess I am in love," she said slowly.

Mrs. Budlong prattled on:

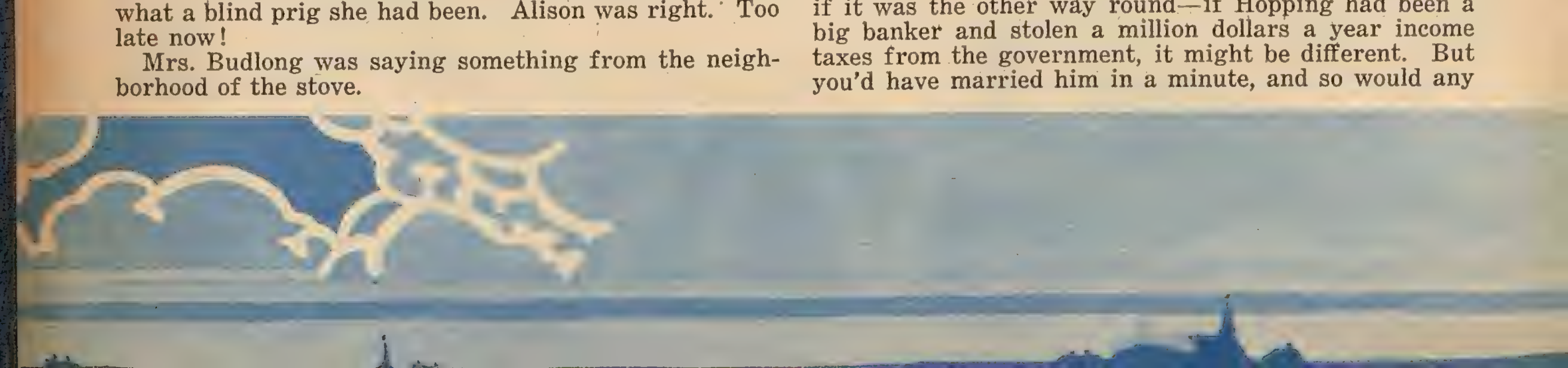
"That's always pleasant. Oh, yes—now I remember. It's that nice Mr. Hopping, isn't it? And you're both being damn' fools or something, aren't you?"

"No—or rather yes. I've been a damn' fool all right, Mrs. Budlong. But honest, I'm not engaged, or anything near it. He's never asked me to marry him or said a word or anything."

"Well," said Susan comfortably, "I never heard of a man yet who was really in love who didn't have to have it pried out of him by the girl. When they talk a lot about love they're usually after something else," she finished darkly—and complacently.

"Anyway, I wouldn't marry him." Sophy spoke as she had spoken long before to Alison Hawks. But there was less conviction in her voice.

"Oh, nonsense," said Mrs. Budlong amiably. "If some of us women could get over this 'I'm-not-good-enough-for-the-likes-of-him' complex, we'd all be better off. Now, if it was the other way round—if Hopping had been a big banker and stolen a million dollars a year income taxes from the government, it might be different. But you'd have married him in a minute, and so would any



other woman. I married a man that had done just about that and worse, and he was a nice man and every one respected him, especially the jury—because he'd taken such an awful lot, I suppose. And then he died and I've got all the money and I don't mind a bit where it came from."

Sophy frowned.

"Those things don't go by rights, and you know it, Mrs. Budlong. I've been a common thief. If a woman really loves she doesn't much care how bad a man has been, if he is good to her. But the more a man loves a woman, the less he forgives her."

"Not if he's a decent and generous man himself," objected the older woman.

"I wonder," murmured Sophy again. "Well—here are the men coming back."

Collins mounted the porch and came over and unlocked Koloff. The man Bert had already entered the shack and was taking his seat in silence at the table. Mrs. Budlong handed Collins a plate of nicely fried sausages. Before Bert she placed a steaming helping of spinach.

"I don't want the damn' stuff," he growled.

"I'm afraid you'll have to eat spinach until you learn to keep a civil tongue in your head," said Mrs. Budlong mildly, and sat herself down. . . .

Meanwhile, back in Washington, Charles Hopping was lunching at the Cosmopolitan Club, of which he was a nonresident member. His guest was Mr. Runyan Peters. The banker was in a fretful humor.

"All right," he said grudgingly. "The money will be got together this afternoon, and kept in the vaults subject to call."

"I'll take it out today to Locust Hall," said Hopping.

"Indeed! And who, pray, will be responsible for two hundred thousand dollars in an open country house?"

"I will," returned Hopping with magnificent disregard of his credit standing.

Mr. Peters considered.

"Very well. But the young ladies and Commissioner Merriman must sign an order to that effect."

"The young ladies and I will sign an order to that effect," said Hopping coldly. "Commissioner Merriman can have no official connection with the payment of any ransom."

MR. PETERS capitulated. They left the dining room and descended in the elevator.

"I'll hang around here a while, I guess. I'll be at your office at four," Hopping said.

"Better make it five," objected Peters. "We'll have to send over to the Treasury for a lot of that stuff."

"Oh," said Chub sweetly. "I thought you were a real grown-up bank."

Hopping spent the next couple of hours reading the papers. At a quarter after four he ordered fresh coffee and sat for a time smoking and thinking things out. At half past four he telephoned Merriman and gave him the layout. Nothing new at that end. Chub left the club and strolled slowly up Connecticut Avenue.

At the Wycomic Trust, Chub was closeted for ten minutes with Mr. Peters. When he emerged he was carrying a suitcase. He crossed Dupont Circle and boarded a street car headed west on P Street. In Georgetown he dropped off and taxied the remaining two miles to Locust Hall. The money, which was contained in a linen sack inside the suitcase, he placed in the ashes of Susan's great four-sided open fireplace, and rolled the huge log back over it. No chance of any one lighting a fire at this season of the year. The suitcase itself he took to his room and shoved under the bed.

He visited the stables and talked with the D. J. man on watch at the dovecot. He sent for the sergeant in charge of the detail patrolling the estate, and worked out with him a plan for making a quick get-away with his money car by an unused back farm road—while sending two of the government cars out the main road with an ostentatious rush. It was important—perhaps vital—not to be followed by the newspaper cars that were keeping a deathwatch at the front gates.

THE twins came in from tennis, and they dined early. They started for town—Alison Hawks and Hopping with them—followed by the usual cavalcade. Alison and Helen were dropped off at WHIM, while Chub and Ellen went on to WAIL. The surrender messages were put on the air as directed. Then they went home.

Merriman's men, with four cars, had reported in the meantime. Hopping slept in his clothes on a couch in the library beside the private telephone. His driving coat lay on a chair beside him, with a pair of Susan's hunting glasses and an awkward big army Colt that Merriman had given him in the pockets. Chub had given orders to bring him the pigeon note the instant it arrived.

When Hopping awoke it was broad daylight. He pulled on his shoes and hurried to the stables. The D. J. man on watch—smoking a cigarette and very much awake—shook his head in negation. Chub went back to his couch a little disturbed in mind, and convinced that he might as well give up the idea of going to sleep again. When he next woke up it was nine o'clock. One of the twins was shaking him and telling him to come to breakfast.

At eleven o'clock no word had come. Merriman telephoned that he would not leave his office. Mr. Peters drove out in person, looked grave for a while, and drove back.

It was not until ten minutes past five that the operative at the stables finally came hurrying in. He handed Hopping the quill-like capsule which had been attached to the bird's leg. Hopping pulled the tube apart and withdrew the onionskin. He read aloud to the others:

"Leave Washington today six thirty sharp with money in airplane. Fly to Harpers Ferry, then south on west slope of Blue Ridge until you see target, which will not show until you are overhead. Drop ransom in sack and return direct to Washington. If money satisfactory and no pursuit or trickery, prisoners will be released in forty-eight hours."

Hopping dropped the note on the desk.

"By gad! They're clever. Barely time to get a plane—no time to make plans or anything. Listen, twins: One of you get Merriman on another phone. Tell him to call off all the ground stuff. Tell him I'm trying Navy for a ship." He yanked off the telephone receiver. "Yes—hello, operator. Give me Navy Department—quick, please! I want the Assistant Chief of the Bureau of Naval Aëronautics."

In another moment he was through.

"Hello—Dick? Chub Hopping." For three tense minutes he talked. Commander Towson's voice came back to him, cool and unhurried:

“Chub, you've got the gall of all hell, and I'm going to be just damn' fool enough to do it. But if the admiral ever hears of it I'll lose about twenty numbers.”

“Thanks,” said Hopping. “And don't forget the 'chute.”

“I'll forget nothing. I'm giving you young Pennell and a ship with all the latest gadgets. I'll—”

“How soon? There's no time—”

“Quick as you can get down. I'll call the field and have Pennell warm up his ship and stand by. He'll be ready when you are. Wait a minute—what was that map location? Blue Ridge, you said?”

“Yeah—south from Harpers Ferry.”

“Righto. And listen, Chub. One last thing. Don't hesitate to call on us whenever you need a couple of battleships or a small navy or something. We aim to—”

“Go to hell!” yelled Hopping gratefully.

He hung up and swung around on Alison Hawks.

“Get that, Alison?”

“Most of it.”

“Good. Relay it to Merriman and the D. J.—but tell 'em hands off and no following. I'm hopping off with Lieutenant Pennell at six thirty. We'll radio back the map location when we heave the stuff overboard. That may give Merriman a chance to cover the main roads by telephone. But we don't know yet within a thousand miles of where that will be. Get me?”

“Yes; I—”

“Well—snap into it. Where the hell's my coat? Oh, here. And help me dig out the money.”

They rescued the sack of money from the fireplace. Hopping seized it and hurried to the door. Alison followed.

“Oh!” she panted. “It all reminds me of the old days on the Nosila. You're grand, Chub. But do be careful—remember, Sophy's at the other end.”

“Don't worry,” answered the little man. “I want a twin to drive me in.”

Twin Helen—the motor running—sat at the wheel of her roadster. Hopping jumped in, dragging the canvas sack and his greatcoat after him.

“G'by,” he called over his shoulder.

Fifty-two air miles precisely it is from Bolling Field to Harpers Ferry. It took Lieutenant Freddy Pennell about fifteen and one half minutes. It lacked eleven minutes of seven as he rocketed through the Potomac gap of the Blue Ridge and swung south over the town. Pennell pointed toward the western sun and shouted:

“They've figured this awful close for us. Sundown tonight at seven nine. It'll be dark by eight. After that we'll have to look for ground flares or something.”

Hopping nodded. He drew the field glasses from his overcoat—he was very glad he had brought his overcoat—and surveyed the lovely valley of the Shenandoah with its fertile fields and orchards billowing to the majestic silhouette of the distant Alleghenies.

“Yeah,” he yelled back. “How high are we?”

“Twelve hundred. Can't go too low. We got to watch all these hillside farms on this slope. Roads especially. Got that sack ready for me?”

“Huh-huh.”

For twenty minutes they flew down the west slope of the Blue Ridge. Their course was almost due southwest. Hopping fussed with his glasses and his pistol and with the unfamiliar straps and buckles of the parachute that encumbered his back. Lieutenant Pennell was tuning in on the Navy Yard and watching his map coördinates. He pulled off his head phones.

“Ever been up as high as this before?” he asked good-naturedly.

“Sure,” nodded Hopping. “I've been up in the Empire State Building.”

“Oh,” the lieutenant said. “I meant in a plane.”

“Never,” said Hopping.

THEY had passed Luray. Elkton showed on their starboard bow. The sun was sliding down behind the Alleghenies. They were flying over an area of small clearings on the mountainside. Both men were using their glasses. As they cleared the last of the wood-encircled patches, a white sheet suddenly appeared at the very edge of some thick woods.

“There she is!” yelled the officer. “It's a big sheet. Gimme the sack.”

“Can you hit the field from here?” asked Hopping.

“Can I hit a fifty-foot circle from two thousand?” retorted Pennell irritably.

He had thrown his switch and was calling Washington. At the same time he was banking for the turn. As he came back over the field he heaved the sack. He did not so much as look back. Chub did. It struck the ground almost at the edge of the sheet.

“Fair enough,” said Hopping judicially.

Pennell grinned. They gained altitude—roared over the crest of the Ridge itself. Hopping looked back. For a few moments they would be invisible from the clearing. He slipped his glasses into his overcoat pocket and climbed to the gun-wale of the cockpit.

Pennell was sighting through his bomb 'chute.

“Here's a soft-looking pasture. Ever bail out before?”

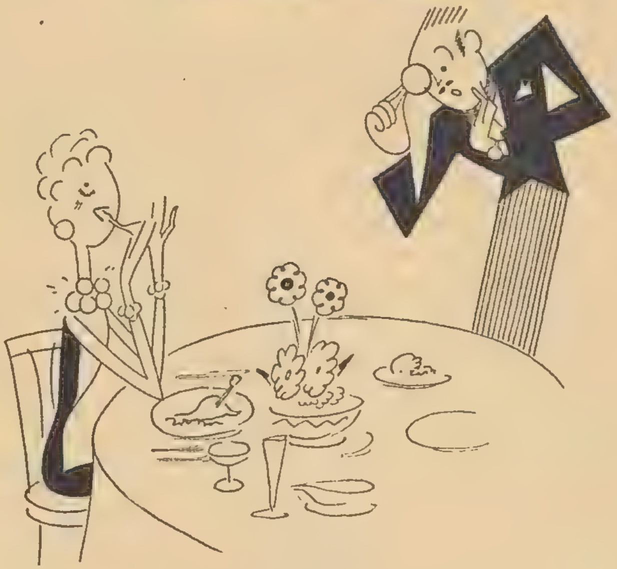
“No,” answered Chub, “but I think that you said to count three before you pulled the rip cord.”

Hopping jumped.

Chub Hopping drops to the rescue in a parachute. Undying love for Sophy spurs him to this dangerous method of attack, with only an automatic with which to give battle to the kidnapers. He may be imperiling the lives of Sophy and Sue Budlong. Their captors may murder them. Next week's installment will tell how the daredevil lover comes out.

BEHAVE YOURSELF

By Della T. Lutes



ON DIT

Do not take your chicken bone
In your hands and gnaw it.
Some tattletale is sure to say
He was there and saw it.
Lone women living in apartments do not notice.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—About thirty pounds.

2—The Mackenzie River.

3—Sir Robert Walpole.

4—The rose, thistle, and shamrock, emblematic of England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively.

5—In a pauper's grave in Vienna.

6—692,876 square miles.

7—The gold-bearing district of the Transvaal, South Africa.

8—In Norway, thirty-two kilometers from Trondheim.

9—The Capitol of Utah.

10—In all New England states (except Massachusetts) it is a community, usually of less than 12,000 persons, which governs itself by town meetings and is the unit for representation in the lower branch of the state legislature instead of counties.

11—A Canadian Mohawk Indian educated in England, later a Toronto physician who, in 1881, founded the Independent Order of Foresters.

12—November 5, the anniversary of the discovery of Guy Fawkes's Gunpowder Plot.

13—The twenty-four-cent stamp of the issue of 1869.

14—A nosebleed.

15—William Jennings Bryan and Henry Clay.

16—On January 1, 1933, the date of the last *official* figures, 32,941,570, of which 17,424,406 were in the United States.

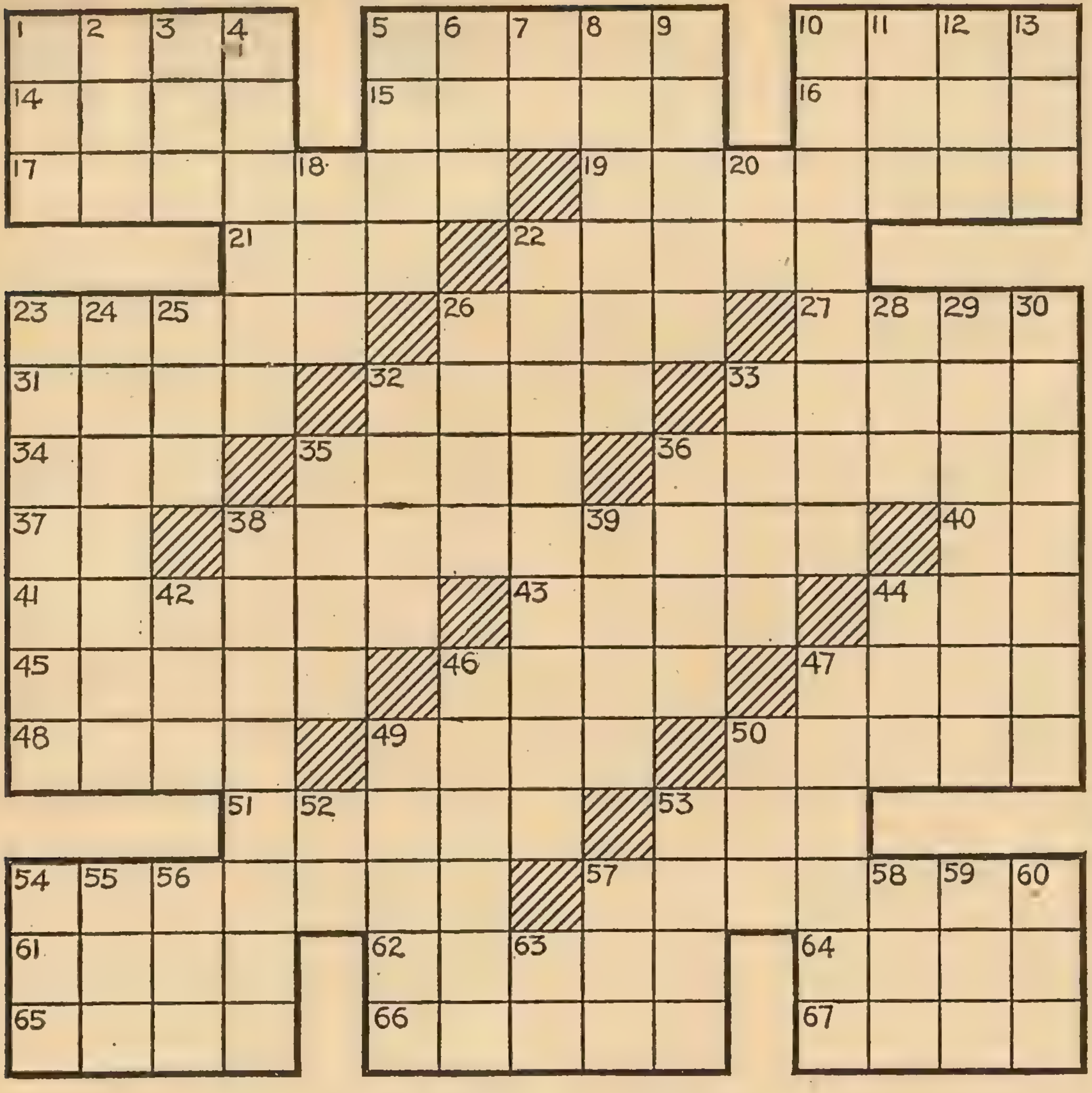
17—Newfoundland.

18—John Wesley, as a paraphrase from the Talmud.

19—A cyclometer.

20—More than fifty in the United States.

CROSS WORDS

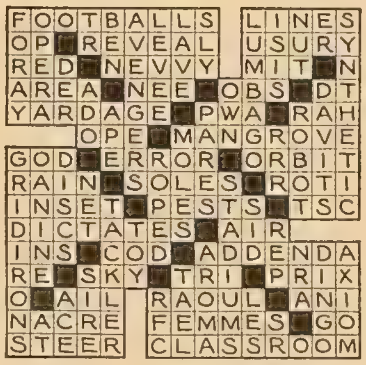


HORIZONTAL

1 A piece of turf (plural)
5 Rascal
10 A variety of dummy whist
14 An open space about a building's base
15 Pertaining to either extremity of the earth's axis
16 Species of silkworm
17 Chief
19 Windstorm of extreme violence
21 A form of John
22 Grows after the manner of a vine
23 In a state of separation
26 A tree
27 Availed one's self of
31 Proceeding from a sound mind
32 A knoblike process
33 The bodily structure
34 Meanly cunning
35 Man's nickname
36 Species of beetle
37 One of the United States (abbr.)
38 Rudimentary
40 The symbol for an element
41 Destroyed freshness or charm of
43 To gather, as a harvest, by cutting
44 Increase
45 Narratives
46 To chop into small pieces
47 An American Indian
48 One belonging to any of the Slavonic groups
49 Fondles
50 Small nails
51 A size of type
53 Color
54 Misname
57 Chides vehemently
61 One of a tribe of Iroquoian Indians
62 Mother
64 Scarf or band worn about the waist
65 To exert influence in any direction
66 Feeble-minded
67 In another, or contrary, case

VERTICAL

1 A membranous pouch (biol.)
2 Crude metal
3 Cave
4 Sarcasm; trenchant wit
5 To reach from one side to another
6 One of the United States (abbr.)
7 A man's nickname
8 Service of morning prayer
9 Flat; face downward
10 Pertaining to measure
11 An old Danish coin
12 To be quit of
13 Filipino peasant
18 A rodent
20 Note of the scale
22 To eviscerate
23 Helps
24 Pertaining to the palate
25 One indifferently out of a number
26 Poetic composition
28 Perched
29 Made corrections in a literary work
30 Mocks
32 Withdrew blood from the body
33 Move with a beating motion, as wings
35 Beverage (plural)
36 District in India
38 Raised
39 Headland
42 Winglike part
44 A constellation
46 Cossack headman
47 Line made by folding
49 City in Italy
50 Prickly envelope of a fruit or nut
52 Combining form: the earth
53 At this point
54 Confronted
55 Anger
56 Moral error
57 Deity in Babylonian mythology
58 East Indian palm
59 Letter of the alphabet
60 Pronoun
63 Note of the scale



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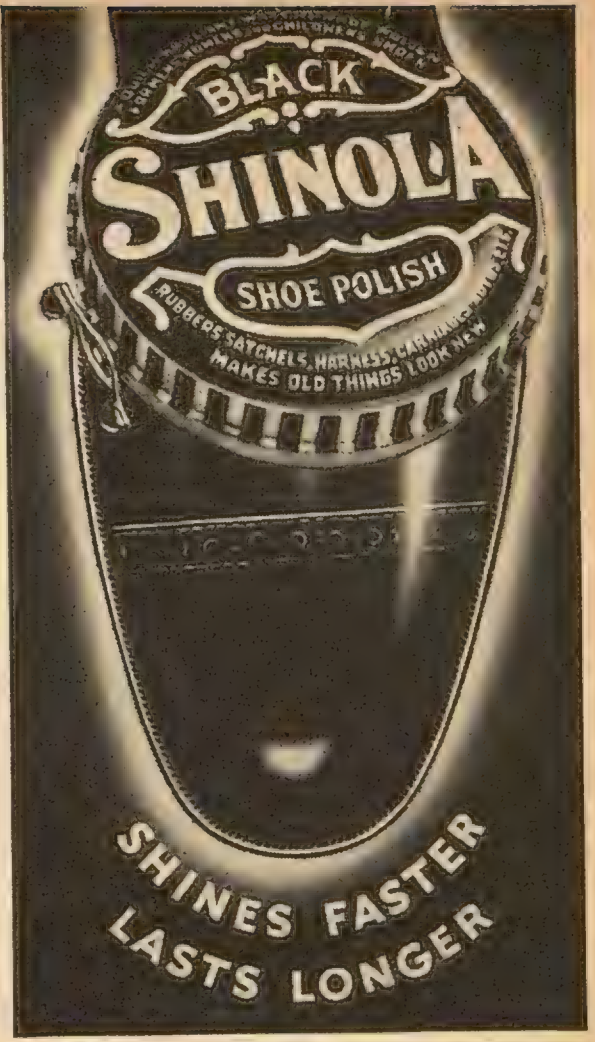
Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



10¢ [*West of Rocky Mts. two sizes—10¢ and 15¢*]

FASHION NOTE—Shoe styles this Fall feature browns and colors. There's a SHINOLA POLISH to clean and shine every shade of leather. For browns, use Shinola Brown, Tan or Ox-Blood. For other colors, Shinola Neutral Polish.

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Vox

IRISH NICKEL FOR CHINESE

ATLANTA, GA.—An Irishman attended a religious gathering once the purpose of which was to raise funds for missionary work in China.

When the plate was passed, the Irishman put in a nickel and handed the bearer of the plate a dollar bill. When asked why he did this, the Irishman explained the nickel was for the heathen Chinese and the dollar was to pay for getting it to them.

The government relief situation reminds me of that story. I have been on the relief now about forty weeks. During that time I have been drawing from twenty to twenty-five dollars per month for room and board, clothes, etc. Figure it up. Five dollars per week for forty weeks would be $200.

If this sum had been used to place me somewhere on a farm I no doubt would have been independent of the relief today. But as it is I figure that I am worse off than when I first went on the relief, because I have lost all ambition to do anything.—*Anon.*

FORGOTTEN MEN OF FOOTBALL

LEXINGTON, N. C.—Congratulations to Norman L. Sper for giving credit where credit is due in Liberty's All-America Coaching Staff (October 6 Liberty). A tribute paid to the forgotten men who have made football what it is today.—*Titus Leonard.*

WAITING IN VAIN FOR THEIR PRINCE CHARMINGS

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—In answer to M. Laughton's letter claiming that it was a decent and peaceful world until women entered business (October 6 Vox Pop).

Thirty years ago women were always found at home slaving for a man and bringing up ten or more children. But if women hadn't taken advantage of opportunities opened for them in the business world I hate to think what would become of them, for nowadays men have become less and less marriage-minded, and women have had to fit themselves for something or starve, waiting in vain for their Prince Charmings. So, Mr. Laughton, can you blame us females?—*Anice H. Kirk.*

WHAT! BURN YOUR LIBERTIES?

CHICAGO, ILL.—On the tenth day of May, 1924, the first issue of Liberty, Volume 1, No. 1, was published. From that issue until the issue of September 1, 1934, I have every copy of Liberty. Is that perseverance or is it? Especially every time my mother sees that accumulation in my room when she tries to clean up. Oh, boy, does she burn up—or I mean does she like to burn them up!

But where am I going to keep the second ten years' accumulation?—*Frank Di Canio.*

"NO MONEY, NO FIGHTEE"

ST. BONIFACE, MAN.—Psychologists tell us that it is impossible to stop wars because of human nature—e.g., fight thy neighbor. Newspapers tell us that the armament manufacturers are behind everything. We ourselves know, regardless of our stanch stand that we'll never be suckers again, we will don the glittering uniform and unsheath the sparkling bayonet at the first sound of the band Dr.-Jekylling our funeral march with the strains of the national anthem.

So why not get something out of it? Tell our respective governments that we'll gladly go to war again at $500 a month, payable weekly. The arms bloodsuckers would have to dig down in their jeans for the old do-re-mi, or it would be a case of "no money, no fightee."

We couldn't be accused of unpatriotism, because we're straining at our leashes to fight—as soon as the shekels are forthcoming. We're simply making it a business proposition.—*Albert Pariseau.*

KEEP GIVING US MORE OF THE TRUE

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—M. S. in September 1 Vox Pop wants cowboy and Western stories, and I agree they are interesting. A. K. W. in October 13 Vox Pop wants love stories, and I agree they make one feel young.

But keep giving us more of the true-life stories of famous people. These stories give me inspiration to do big things in a big way.—*Charlotte Holt.*

SPIES FOR HIRE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Thomas M. Johnson in Spies for Hire (beginning in October 6 Liberty) said Chief Riekki of the Finnish secret service identified the powerful woman spy, Marie Louise Martin, through photographs in his files. That is not quite correct.

I was working on a case in London in November, 1933, when newspapers reported her arrest in Finland as being in the pay of the Soviet government. The newspaper reports stated that the chief of the secret service at Helsingfors had admitted that for lack of evidence he would have to release her.

I was working under cover and could not come out in the open with what I knew about Marie Louise. But through a newspaper I conveyed certain information confidentially to Chief Riekki, which brought him in contact with a German secret service agent then working in Lithuania. This agent confessed to the plot which resulted in the Switzes, Lydia Stahl, and other secret agents in France and other European countries being trapped.—*Casimir P. Palmer.*

JUSTICE A LA FRANCAIS

SOTTEVILLE, FRANCE.—At 2.20 A. M. a taxicab and a lorry collided, skidded across the sidewalk, crashed into a *bistro*, and ended up against the zinc bar, having en route narrowly missed the patron and incidentally knocked over three clients.

The police arrived and decided: (1) To fine the patron for being open after hours. (2) That the patron had no claim for damages because, if he had closed the iron shutters of his bar on time at 2 A. M. the cars would not have been able to get in. (3) That the three wounded clients also had no claim, as they were on premises that were illegally open and therefore "did not exist."

This is somewhat different from the United States court that fined and imprisoned Capone for income-tax evasions and allowed him to go scot-free for his other irregularities.—*Stanley Fargo.*

DIOGENES AT THE KEYHOLE

CHICAGO, ILL.—The individual who can consistently answer ten of the Twenty Questions in Liberty for a consecutive run of six weeks is the same fellow who cheats at solitaire.—*Diogenes.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—In Liberty's Twenty Questions and Answers, October 6 issue, the question is asked: What does the term "dying intestate" mean? The answer given is, Dying without having made a valid will.

It is not necessary for the will to be valid. One dies testate if he leaves a will of any character.—*Willard Carver, LL.D., LL.B., D.C.*

[Webster's New International Dictionary defines intestate as, "Without having made a *valid* will; as, to die intestate."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

LIFE NO FAIRY TALE

SEATTLE, WASH.—I have the highest regard for our churches; however, I question their right to choose the motion-picture entertainment for the masses.

It isn't as though we buy our tickets blindfolded. We know from the billing, cast, and reviews what to expect—and it's what we want or we wouldn't go.

Life isn't a fairy tale. It isn't pretty. It's real and tragic and sometimes ugly. That's what we want in our picture entertainment — realism. — *Mrs. L. H. Morrison.*

"MOTHER"

CRANFORD, N. J.—To the ladies who strongly resented the synonym of gelatinous film to be "mother," in the Connectogram of August 25 Liberty, I suggest they put some vinegar in a glass or jar for a month or two and see if a thin film doesn't appear. That's called "mother."—*Mrs. H. McCauley.*

BAD NEWS FOR CHICKENS

LYNWOOD, CALIF.—Our state invites poultry raisers from all parts of the United States to come on out; but before doing so you'd better study chicken diseases, as you must be a hen doctor to raise 'em out here!

I had a flock of two thousand back East, with no sickness to contend with. Sold out, came to California, and found it is a different proposition trying to raise chickens in a climate where the germs never freeze and there isn't enough rain to wash the dust from the air, the mornings are damp and foggy, with very hot afternoons, and too sudden changes to cold nights.

Pop

My birds were of good stock, had the best of care, in new coops on new ground, but got every disease known to the chicken industry and some that are unknown. So take a tip from one who has sadly learned from expensive experience—and stay where you are!—*Vern Fritz.*

BIG NICKEL'S WORTH

PEORIA, ILL.—J. Conrad's letter in October 6 Vox Pop burned me up. He claimed he didn't even get a nickel's worth from Liberty. What does he expect for a nickel? I wonder if he got three cents' worth out of the postage he spent to send that letter. I'll bet he squandered another nickel to see his name in Vox Pop, and probably will squander another one to read this rap on him.

Liberty gives a big nickel's worth under every cover!—*D. P.*

LONDON, ONT.—Without batting an eye I say that I get double—yes, triple—my nickel's worth out of Liberty. If it came to a pinch I'd put on a mask and go out and steal the nickel to get my copy! Some of the stories and articles I read a second and third time.—*Happy Chappy.*

STOP-LIGHT EQUALITY

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The day was hot and the asphalt yielded to rubber heels. When traffic paused at the stop light a decrepit car driven by a workman had the place of honor at the head of the line.

Second in line was a shiny new model driven by a well dressed man. Maybe he was a capitalist. What does a capitalist look like, anyhow?

When the sign flashed green the old tin can coughed across the intersection and the new model silently passed it and disappeared in the distance.

The stop light gives equality and knows neither rich nor poor. How can you hold back labor without jamming capital? Why hold back labor when capital is bound to leave labor far behind on the straightaway?

On the checkerboard of life's game there is no peace or stopping place. A life without competition, a world dominated entirely by labor or business, cannot be. Organized labor and organized capital, in my opinion, is the ideal balance and the inevitable solution.

But labor must deal directly with capital, and is seeking to do so. Many employers, on the other hand, persist in going into a room, locking the door, and talking about their employees instead of to them. This is not direct action.

I am for Roosevelt, stop-light equality, and direct action.—*Tom Sterling.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S COLLAR WAS NO REPLICA

HAMILTON, ONT.—We know of no better medium than Vox Pop through which to correct journalism in general of the ever-increasing use of the word replica for facsimile. The especial meaning of replica is a copy of a picture or sculpture, made by the hand that executed the original.

Even if Mr. Gladstone's collar could be considered a work of art, it would not be exactly correct to say a replica of it could be produced now. Its maker is long since dead. See To the Ladies, September 22 Liberty.—*Crank.*

SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF CROONERS

EDMONTON, ALTA.—Why don't Vox Poppers organize a society for the suppression of one of the greatest blights of our times? I refer to the crooner nuisance.

I am an enthusiastic radio fan, yet recently have found it impossible to get anything over the air but the bleatings of those half-wits. I studied the type of people who enjoy these so-called programs, and found them, with practically no exceptions, to be of the female persuasion, generally young and—this is putting it very mildly—not too bright. —*Jock.*

NOT A LADY

RALEIGH, N. C.—Princess Kropotkin in October 13 Liberty cites the complaint of a Texan who says he is a "Southern gentleman" and wants to know why he always gets a "frosty glare" from the woman to whom he gives up his seat on the trolley car.

I would like to suggest that probably he always encounters the exception to the perfect lady, and that the woman with the frosty glare is not a typical Southern woman.

In fact, a woman who would not thank a man for giving up his seat on a trolley is not a lady.

The Southern gentleman has had the misfortune to come in contact with the most selfish, self-centered type of woman, whether she was from the South, North, West, or what have you.—*A Constant Reader.*

WHY, THEN, DID HE ARGUE?

BELLEVUE, ANACOSTIA, D. C.—A man from my home town died the other day. While he lived he daily argued politics, war, the depression, and other things which one reads in the newspapers. He argued with such vehemence that anybody would have thought that they were important to him.

But they weren't. He never banged his ears in politics; he was never a soldier; and he never played an active part in solving the depression.

Why, then, did he argue about these things which were remotely removed from him?

Heaven only knows, unless it is that arguing about remote things seems to be the automatic mental activity of the American public.—*John F. Lindhurst.*

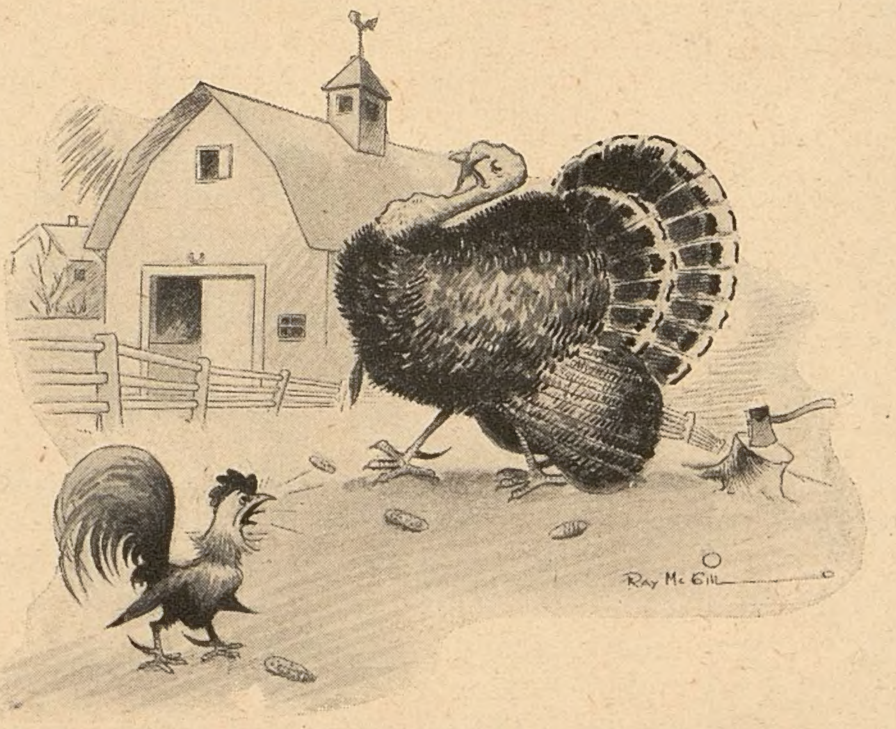
THE LAST TALE OF THIS DOG

CHICAGO, ILL.—I note in October 13 Vox Pop that the Dobermann controversy continues. There is not in Germany any smooth-haired black-and-tan Pinscher other than the Dobermann itself. There may be a small amount of German Shepherd blood in the Dobermann, but the fundamental breed was the Rottweiler or Butcher dog.

To get away from the coarseness and squattiness of this dog, a direct cross was made with the English breed, the Manchester terrier, and practically nine tenths of the color of the Dobermann is obtained from the Manchester, a black-and-tan, terrier. No authority will say there is any Dane or fox-terrier blood in the Dobermann.—*Will Judy, Editor of Dog World.*

NO LIFE, NO LOVE, NO HOPE

WEST UNION, IA.—Is E the most unfortunate letter in the alphabet? It is out of cash, out of luck, out of opportunity, in dEbt, in troublE, in dangEr, and in slEEp twice. Yet without it there would be no lifE, no lovE, no hopE, no pEace, no kEy to our homes, no "horn of plEnty," or prospErity. It is the center of honEsty and libErty (especially for Vox Pop writers) in telling clever tales as they ought to be told, and always in mEn, womEn, and childrEn, and in hEavEn a couple of times to help us in this world to be better people, while wondering down life's path we go in our daily grind. Maybe E is not so unfortunate.—*George H. Mott.*



By RAY McGILL

"Aw, chestnuts to you, big boy!"

FINAL
STATES CONTEST
WINNERS

THE list below of $5 winners in Liberty's recently completed Patriotic Game of States concludes the announcement of the 333 awards totaling $3,000. Checks will be forwarded without delay. Liberty congratulates each of the winners and wishes them success in future contests.

$5 PRIZE WINNERS

Maude D. Kress, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Roger Lafargue, New Orleans, La.; Frank La Favre, Hollywood, Fla.; George W. Lancaster, Union, N. J.; E. W. Landers, Atlanta, Ga.; John L. Langley, Marion, Ohio; H. G. Lauterbach, Baltimore, Md.; William J. LaVigne, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. Edward Leary, Portland, Ore.; Harold E. Lee, Kellogg, Idaho; Mrs. Viola Lee, Burlington, N. C.; Mrs. H. G. Leonard, Noroton, Conn.; Ben Levy, Cleveland, Ohio; H. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; J. Lipsey, Montreal, Que.; James R. Little, Cheyenne, Wyo.

Mrs. H. W. Locklin, Portsmouth, N. H.; Mary C. Logan, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Jean B. Long, Audubon, N. J.; Mrs. James Longstreet, Washington, D. C.; E. K. Macfarlane, Honolulu, T. H.; Jane C. Madden, San Francisco, Calif.; E. Madison, Jacksonville, Fla.; Albert Manski, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. T. J. McCarthy, Elmira, N. Y.; Mrs. M. McGonnell, East Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Catharine A. McKee, Montreal, Que.; J. R. McKee, Lake Charles, La.; C. C. McMillan, Oakdale, Calif.; Ray McQueen, New Brighton, Pa.; William B. McTigue, Boston, Mass.; James B. Meikle, Los Angeles, Calif.; B. K. Midtbon, Albuquerque, N. M.; William R. Mildon, Verdun, Que.; Varina Miller, Orlando, Fla.; Alfred E. Mitchell, Detroit, Mich.; Bertha P. Moore, Minneapolis, Minn.; H. Nelson Moore, Portsmouth, Ohio; W. Bennet Morgan, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. L. Munn, Santa Monica, Calif.

Aileen Murphy, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Roy M. Nading, Flat Rock, Ind.; Violet Nayphe, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Eloise Nelson, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. Wm. H. Newman, Jr., Evansville, Ind.; J. L. Nickolaus, Crawfordsville, Iowa; Mrs. Cathleen Novak, Buffalo, N. Y.; M. F. Ocker, Lehighton, Pa.; Mrs. John R. Osterlund, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Paul Palten, Hartford, Conn.; J. R. Parrish, El Paso, Tex.; William E. Payne, Coshocton, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth F. Peacock, Norfolk, Va.; Elsie H. Pereny, New York, N. Y.; Robena H. Peterson, Detroit, Mich.; Eddie Pierce, Middletown, N. Y.; Arthur B. Pigeonne, Galveston, Tex.; Pierre A. Pollet, Washington, D. C.; John E. Prince, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.; Mrs. C. G. Pursley, Salem, Ore.

Marie Reed, Waco, Tex.; Carolina G. Reedy, San Francisco, Calif.; Floyd E. Richey, Berkeley, Calif.; B. M. Riegel, Haddonfield, N. J.; Rachael Riggs, Sacramento, Calif.; Margaret Ritchie. Point Loma, Calif.; Mrs. Paul B. Ritter, Miamisburg, Ohio; Guy Riviere, New York, N. Y.; A. F. Roberts, Portland, Ore.; Warren R. Roberts, Chicago, Ill.; Lucille Root, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. A. Rutquist, Montreal, Que.; C. Sanchez, New York, N. Y.; Billy Schaefer, Pasadena, Calif.; Mrs. Hulda S. Schnurman, Erie, Pa.; O. B. Schonfeld, Dallas, Tex.; B. W. Seawell, Atlanta, Ga.; W. F. Senour, Tampa, Fla.; Elizabeth F. Shaver, Watervliet, N. Y.; Bernard E. Shryack, Struthers, Ohio.

Frank Simek, Westchester, Ill.; Louis L. Sisson, Kansas City, Mo.; Adelle Sjostrom, Los Angeles, Calif.; Bernard Small, Wichita, Kan.; Annette Smith, Wilmar, Calif.; Fred E. Smith, Houston, Tex.; Elida Sonstrud, Bemidji, Minn.; Willard Sorenson, Warren, Minn.; Eugene Sprague, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. Eileen L. Stecher, Hamtramck, Mich.; Mrs. Charles Stephenson, Austin, Tex.; John Stewart, Bronx, N. Y.; Kenneth C. Stuart, Oakland, Calif.; Katherine Summerson, Kansas City, Mo.; Lillian B. Surbeck, Ponca City, Okla.; Mrs. Louise Thompson, Augusta, Ga.; Thomas Thompson, Seattle, Wash.; Thomas D. Thorn, Vincennes, Ind.; Jean A. Throlle, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. H. A. Townsend, Minneapolis, Minn.

Kenneth Wallace, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. D. Watts, Jr., Shreveport, La.; Mrs. W. N. Weaver, Aberdeen, N. C.; Edward V. Welsh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Agnes M. Weschler, Brookland, D. C.; Mrs. Edna Westly, Portland, Ore.; Harry White, Nashville, Tenn.; Bob Willard, Missoula, Mont.; Leigh Rae Wilson, Kew Gardens, N. Y.; Patricia Wilson, Tijunga, Calif.; Loa G. Winegar, Grand Rapids, Mich.; H. George Wirth, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. K. F. Woodard, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Margaret Young, Oak Park, Ill.; Hattie Ziegler, Williamsport, Pa.

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ONE YEAR OF REPEAL—HOW HAS IT WORKED?

by

Alfred E. Smith

At Liberty's invitation, prohibition's foremost opponent weighs the facts and states the case as he sees it

THE SECOND PROVERB

by

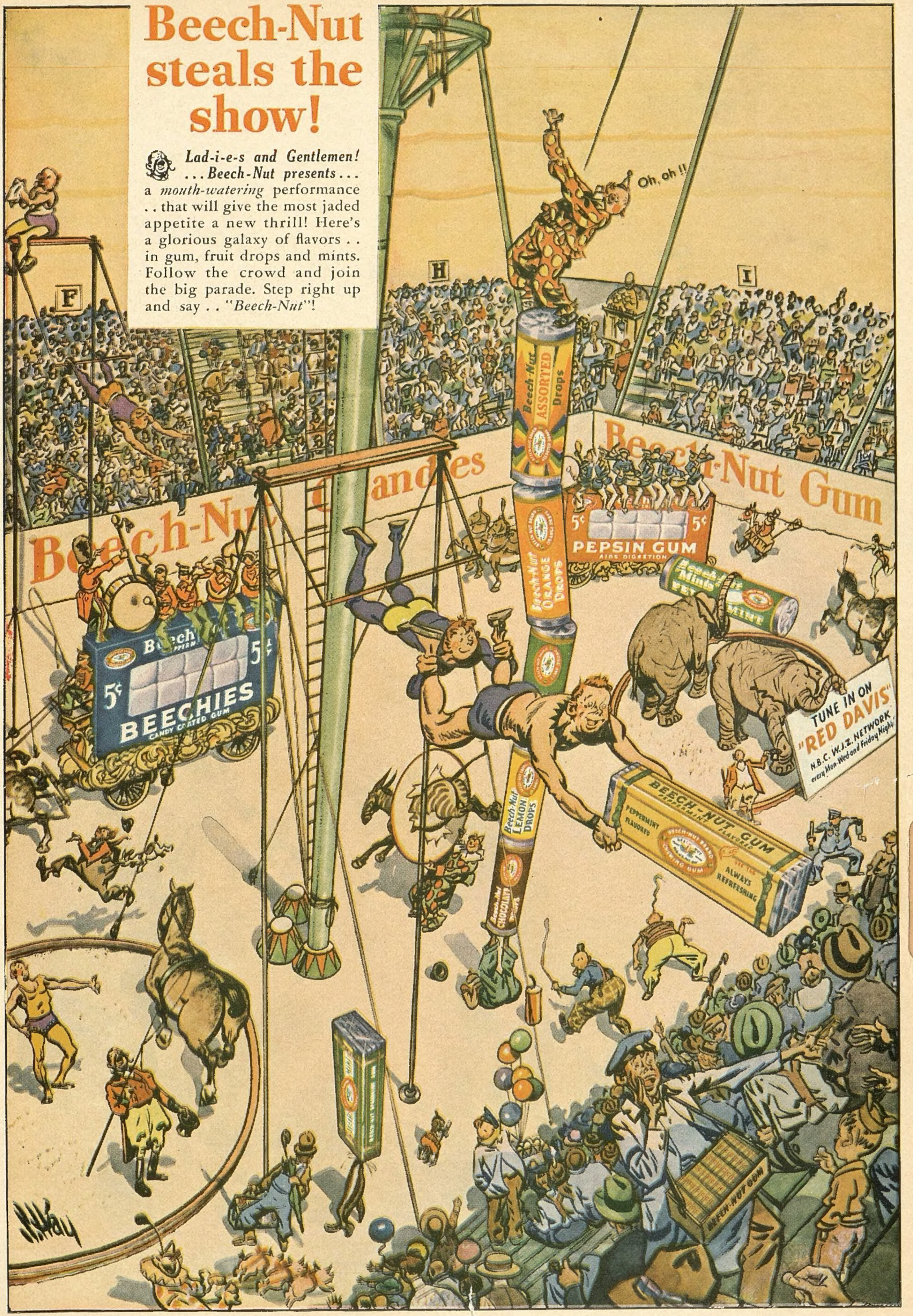
Bernard DeVoto

A brilliant tale of flaming youth and two who learned about love

Other stories and articles by Channing Pollock, Edward Doherty, Emily Newell Blair, and others

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! . . . Beech-Nut presents . . . a *mouth-watering* performance . . that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors . . in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say . . "*Beech-Nut*"!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J. Hay

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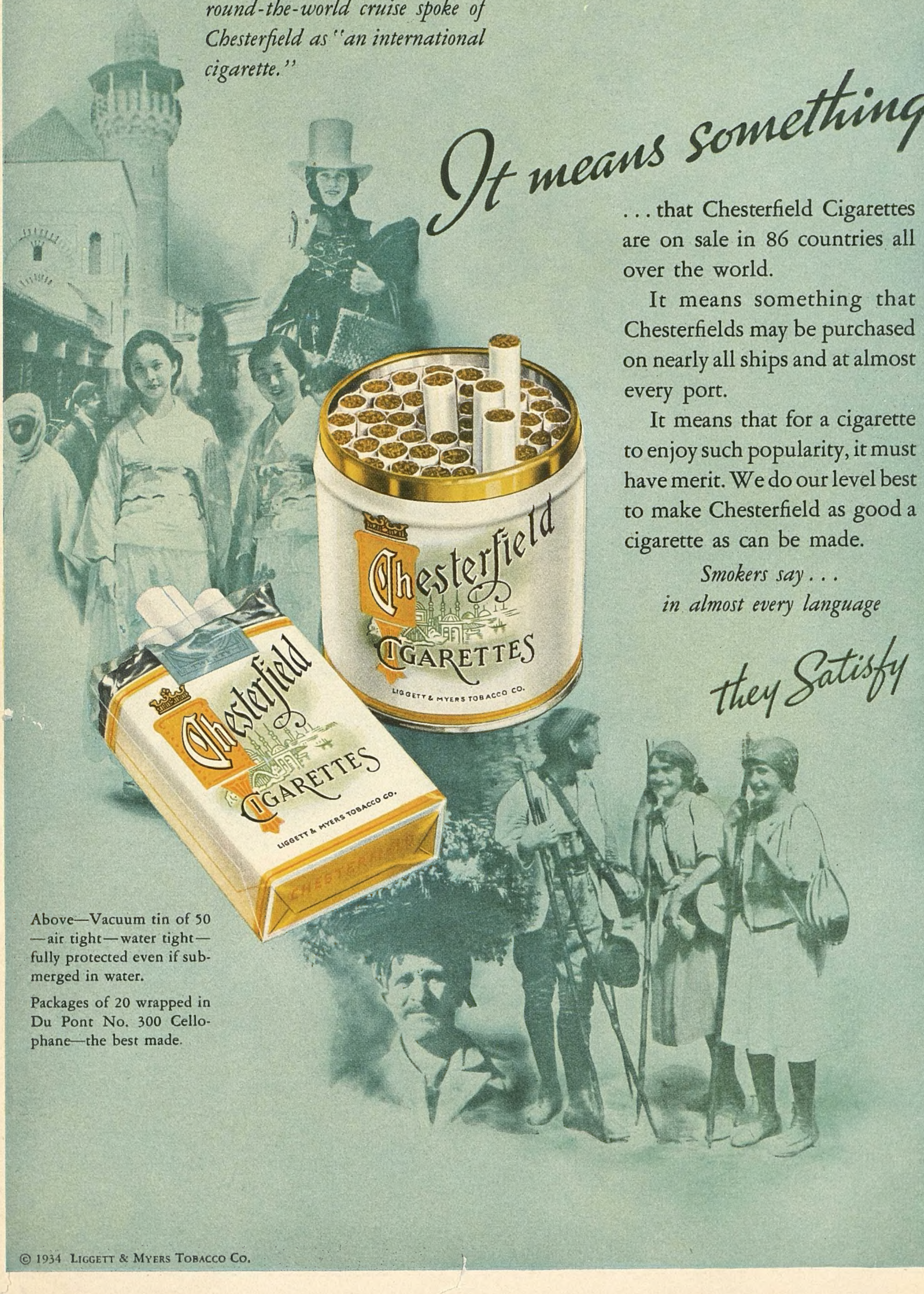
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